

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

No. 271.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1879.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6½d.



MISS WADMAN, OF THE GAIETY THEATRE.

RAILWAYS.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.—OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE, Saturday, April 5.

The ORDINARY TRAINS between Waterloo, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Wandsworth, Putney, Barnes, Chiswick, and Mortlake will be SUSPENDED during a portion of the day; but SPECIAL TRAINS at SPECIAL FARES will run at frequent intervals from 9.0 a.m.

Some of the Ordinary Trains between Waterloo and Kensington, and Hammersmith, Shaftesbury-road, and Richmond, will also be Suspended, but Special Trains will run at Special Fares.

Putney Station is very near the Starting Point, and Mortlake Station is within a few hundred yards of the Finish of the Race.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.—ON GOOD FRIDAY

The Trains will run as on Sunday, with some additional Trains. For full information as to extension of time of Return Tickets and times of Return Excursion Trains, &c., see handbills and time books.

EXCURSION ARRANGEMENTS. EXCURSIONS at the USUAL CHEAP EXCURSION FARES will run as under:—

On THURSDAY, APRIL 10th: 1. To PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, TAVISTOCK (for Liskeard), Lيدford (for Launceston), Okehampton, &c., and (by new line) to Holsworthy (for Bude) by FAST EXCURSION TRAIN, leaving WATERLOO STATION at 9.0 a.m., (Hammersmith (the Grove) 8.11, Kensington 8.29, West Brompton 8.32, and Chelsea 8.34), and Surbiton 9.24 a.m.

Tickets issued by this Train will be available for return by the 7.40 a.m. Fast Train from Devonport on Friday, April 12th.

2. To SALISBURY, Templecombe, and the Somerset and Dorset Railway, Yeovil, and the WEST OF ENGLAND, including EXETER, North Devon Line, BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, BIDEFORD, &c., by Special Train, leaving Waterloo Station at 8.40 a.m. (Hammersmith 8.11, Kensington 8.29), calling at Vauxhall 8.44, and Clapham Junction 8.55 a.m. Returning on Friday, 12th April.

3. To Lymington (for Freshwater) BOURNEMOUTH, Poole, Wimborne, WEYMOUTH, Dorchester, &c., by special fast train, leaving Waterloo Station at 12.10 p.m. (Hammersmith 11.12, Kensington 11.48), calling at Vauxhall at 12.15 and Clapham Junction 12.23 p.m. Returning on Friday, 12th April.

On SATURDAY, APRIL 12th: To Winchester, PORTSMOUTH TOWN, PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR (for RYDE, Sandown, Shanklin, and Ventnor), SOUTHAMPTON (for COWES and Newport), SALISBURY, &c., by special train, leaving Waterloo Station at 1.15 p.m. (Kensington, 12.46), calling at Vauxhall 1.19, and Clapham Junction 1.27 p.m., at the following fares:—

To all stations (except Portsmouth Harbour) and back, First Class, 11s. Second Class, 7s. 6d. Third Class, 5s. To Portsmouth Harbour and back, First Class, 12s. Second Class, 8s. Third Class, 5s. 6d.

Returning on Tuesday, April 15th. SPECIAL LATE TRAIN TO WEST OF ENGLAND at ordinary 1st and 2nd and cheap 3rd class Return Tickets.

On Thursday, April 10th, A SPECIAL TRAIN WILL LEAVE WATERLOO STATION at 7.50 p.m. (Hammersmith 7.2, Kensington 7.15), calling at Vauxhall 7.55, and Clapham Junction 8.2 p.m., for SALISBURY, Yeovil, the WEST OF ENGLAND, South and North Devon, including EXETER, OKEHAMPTON, Lيدford, TAVISTOCK, PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, BARNSTAPLE, Ilfracombe, Bideford, &c.

REDUCED FARES. CHEAP FIRST and SECOND CLASS RETURN TICKETS will be issued from London on SATURDAY, 12th, and SUNDAY, 13th April, to Havant, Portsmouth, Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Southampton, Cowes, Newport, and other important stations, available up to and including Wednesday, April 16th.

CHEAP THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS will be issued from London to nearly all the principal stations by all Third Class Trains on THURSDAY, April 10th, and subsequent days, available up to and including Wednesday, April 16th.

Tickets, handbills, and all information can be procured at the Company's West-end Office, 30, Regent-street, Piccadilly-circus. Handbills may be obtained at any of the South-Western Company's Stations or London Receiving Houses, or by post from the Office of the Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.—

NOTTINGHAM SPRING RACES, APRIL 8th and 9th, 1879. ORDINARY and EXPRESS TRAINS run between LONDON and NOTTINGHAM by the Midland Company's Route, as under:—

To Nottingham (Midland Station)—Moorgate-street, dep. 7.35 a.m., 9.37 a.m., 11.13 a.m., 3.13 p.m., 4.40 p.m., 5.12 p.m., 8.49 p.m., 11.40 p.m.; St. Pancras, dep., 5.15 a.m., 8.0 a.m., 10.0 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 5.0 p.m., 5.30 p.m., 9.15 p.m., 12.0 p.m.; Nottingham, arr. 8.15 a.m., 12.0 p.m., 1.0 p.m., 1.30 p.m., 2.55 p.m., 6.40 p.m., 8.5 p.m., 8.35 p.m., 12.25 p.m., 3.15 p.m.

From Nottingham (Midland Station)—Nottingham, dep., 12.50 a.m., 4.50 a.m., 6.15 a.m., 8.45 a.m., 11.45 a.m., 1.0 p.m., 12.45 p.m., 3.35 p.m., 5.15 p.m., 5.50 p.m., 6.45 p.m.; St. Pancras, arr., 4.15 a.m., 7.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 11.50 a.m., 2.55 a.m., 4.15 p.m., 6.28 p.m., 6.45 p.m., 8.15 p.m., 8.55 p.m., 9.45 p.m.; Moorgate-street, arr. 10.46 a.m., 12.7 p.m., 3.8 p.m., 4.32 p.m., 6.42 p.m., 6.59 p.m., 8.32 p.m., 10.0 p.m.

Third Class Tickets are issued by all Trains. CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS will be run to NOTTINGHAM from Bradford, Leeds, Sheffield, Lincoln, Newark, Birmingham, Burton, Derby, &c. For particulars, see bills.

Derby, March, 1879. JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

LONDON & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAYS.—

NOTTINGHAM SPRING RACES.

On TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, April 8th and 9th, A CHEAP FAST EXCURSION will be run to NOTTINGHAM, by the New Route, via Burton and the Great Northern Railway, as under:—

Wolverhampton, dep., 9.10 a.m., Dudley 9.25 a.m., Walsall 10.10 a.m., and from Birmingham at 9.45 a.m. Returning from the Nottingham G.&N. Co.'s Station each evening at 6.25 p.m.

For fares and full particulars see bills. Passengers for the TUESDAY'S Excursion will be booked at Higher Fares to return on the Wednesday.

G. FINDLAY, Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station, April, 1879.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER EXCURSIONS.

On THURSDAY, April 10th CHEAP EXCURSIONS will leave Euston at 9.25 a.m., Chalk Farm 9.30, Kilburn 9.35, Clapham Junction 8.30, Victoria (London, Brighton and South Coast side) 8.35, also Battersea, Chelsea, West Brompton, Kensington 9.25, and Uxbridge Road 9.27; Broad Street (City) 8.55, Dalston 9.0, Highbury and Islington 9.4, Mansion House 8.43, Blackfriars 8.45, Charing Cross 8.49, Westminster Bridge 8.51, and Willesden Junction 9.40 (with certain exceptions), for CARLISLE, Penrith, Windermere, Kendal, Lancaster, Carnforth, Blackpool, Preston, Blackburn, Wigan, Bolton, Birkenhead, Runcorn, Holyhead, Carnarvon, Bangor, Chester, Rhyl, Denbigh, Northwich, Crewe, Nantwich, Hereford, Leominster, Ludlow, Craven Arms, Llanidloes, Montgomery, Newtown, Oswestry, Welshpool, Minsterley, Shrewsbury, Wellington, Newport, and Stafford.

From Euston Station at 11.40 a.m., Chalk Farm 11.45, Kilburn 11.50, Clapham Junction 10.50 a.m., Victoria 11.23 a.m., Battersea 11.33 a.m., Chelsea, West Brompton, Kensington 11.44, and Uxbridge-road, Broad-street 11.40 a.m., Dalston 11.15, Highbury and Islington 11.19, Mansion House 11.13, Blackfriars 11.15, Charing Cross 11.19, Westminster-bridge 11.21, and Willesden Junction 12.0 noon (with certain exceptions), for LIVERPOOL, Manchester, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Leicester, Warrington, Stoke, Burslem, Macclesfield, Leamington, Kenilworth, Coventry, Derby, Burton, Lichfield, Tamworth, Leicester, Nuneaton, Stour Valley and South Staffordshire Stations, Buxton, Chapel-en-le-Frith, Stockport, and the Yorkshire District. Returning on TUESDAY, April 15th.

For Fares and full particulars see Bills, to be obtained at any of the Stations, the various Parcels Receiving Offices, and at Gaze's Tourist Office, 142, Strand.

G. FINDLAY, Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station, April, 1879.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—EASTER HOLIDAYS.—CHEAP EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued as under:—

To BROXBOURNE and RYE HOUSE, by Special Train leaving Liverpool-street at 10.0 a.m. on Good Friday, and at 9.20 a.m. on Easter Monday, calling at Bishopsgate, Bethnal-green, Cambridge-heath, London-fields, Hackney-downs, Clapton, Coborn-road, and Stratford.

To WOODFORD, BUCKHURST-HILL, and LOUGHTON by all Trains from Liverpool-street, Bishopsgate, Bethnal-green, Coborn-road, Fenchurch-street, Stepney, Burdett-road, and Bow-road, on Good Friday, Easter Sunday and Monday; and to Chingford by all Trains from Liverpool-street, Bishopsgate, and Bethnal-green.

To WALTON-on-the-NAZE, DOVERCOURT, and HARWICH, on Easter Monday, by Special Train leaving Liverpool-street at 8.15 a.m., calling at Stratford.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—Frequent Trains will be run between Liverpool-street, and Palace-gates for Wood-green and the Alexandra Palace on Good Friday and Easter Monday.

For full particulars see handbills. London, April, 1879. S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

On THURSDAY, April 10, and following days, CHEAP THIRD-CLASS RETURN TICKETS will be issued by same trains as ordinary third-class tickets from Paddington: Victoria, Battersea, Chelsea, West Brompton, Kensington Addison-road, Uxbridge-road, and Westbourne-park, to Yeovil, Dorchester, Weymouth, Portland, Bath, BRISTOL, Chard, South Molton, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Devonport, Tavistock, Launceston, Falmouth, Penzance, and other stations in the West of England, available to Wednesday, April 16; and on GOOD FRIDAY, Saturday, Easter Sunday and Monday, CHEAP THIRD-CLASS EXCURSION TICKETS by certain trains from Paddington, Kensington, (Addison-road), Uxbridge-road, Westbourne-park, Hammersmith, and certain stations on the Metropolitan and District Railways, to Windsor, Taplow, Maidenhead, Cookham, Bourne-end, Great Marlow, and Henley, available on the day of issue only.

On GOOD FRIDAY the trains will run as on Sundays.

On SATURDAY and SUNDAY, April 12th and 13th, CHEAP FIRST and SECOND CLASS RETURN TICKETS will be issued at Paddington and other stations to Windsor and HENLEY, available until following Monday.

EXCURSION TRAINS will run as under:—

THURSDAY, April 10.—Leaving Paddington at 7.45 a.m., Kensington (Addison-road), 7.23, Hammersmith, 7.35, Uxbridge-road, 7.26, and Westbourne-park at 7.50 a.m., and from Reading at 6.25 a.m., for Weston-super-Mare, Bridgewater, Taunton, Chard, Tiverton, Exeter, Teignmouth, Torquay, Dartmouth, Mutfey, Plymouth, Tavistock, Launceston, and other stations; also leaving Paddington at 7.45 a.m., Kensington (Addison-road), 7.23, Hammersmith, 7.35, Uxbridge-road, 7.26, and Westbourne-park, 7.50 a.m., and from Reading at 1.0 p.m., for Trowbridge, Frome, Wells, Yeovil, Bridport, Dorchester, Weymouth, Portland, and other stations. To return in each case on April 18. Passengers will be booked by this train from Paddington and Westbourne-park to Cirencester, Brimscombe, Stroud, Stonehouse, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Ross, and Hereford, and from Paddington, Kensington, Hammersmith, Uxbridge-road, and Westbourne-park, to Newbourn, Lydney, Chepstow, Newport, and Cardiff. To return on April 14th or 18th.

SAME DAY.—Leaving Paddington at 11.25 a.m., Victoria 10.0, Battersea 10.10, Chelsea 10.13, West Brompton 10.17, Kensington (Addison-road) 10.57, Uxbridge-road 11.0, Hammersmith 11.15, Westbourne-park 11.30 a.m., and Reading 12.40 p.m., for Oxford, Leamington, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Hereford, Crewe, Stockport, Manchester, Shrewsbury, Welshpool, Llangollen, Chester, Birkenhead, Liverpool, and other stations; to return on following Tuesday. Passengers to stations between Oxford and Wolverhampton may return on Easter Monday. Passengers will be booked by this train to Witney, Fairford, Chipping Norton, Moreton, Honeybourne, Evesham, Worcester, Malvern, and other stations; to return on April 15.

GOOD FRIDAY.—Leaving Paddington at 9.10 and Westbourne-park at 9.15 a.m., for Taplow, Maidenhead, Twyford, Reading, Pangbourne, Goring, Oxford, &c.; to return same evening.

SATURDAY, April 12.—Leaving Paddington at 2.15 and Reading at 3.30 p.m., for SWINDON, Chippenham, Bath, and Bristol. Passengers return on following Monday or Wednesday.

EASTER MONDAY.—Leaving Paddington at 6.50, Westbourne-park 6.55, and Reading 8.5 a.m., for Swindon, Chippenham, Bath, and Bristol; to return same day, or at higher fares on following Wednesday. Passengers will be booked by this train to Kemble, Cirencester, Brimscombe, Stroud, Stonehouse, Gloucester, and Cheltenham; to return same day, or at higher fares on following Friday.

SAME DAY.—Leaving Paddington at 7.40, and Westbourne-park at 7.45 a.m., for Slough, Taplow, Maidenhead, Twyford, Henley, Reading, Theale, Aldermaster, Midgham, Thatcham, Newbury, Kintbury, and Hungerford; to return same day.

N.B.—During the week preceding Easter Ordinary First and Second Class Tickets, the cheap Third Class Return Tickets to the West of England, and the tickets for the excursions to principal stations, will be obtainable at the Company's Receiving Offices, 483, New Oxford-street; 38, Charing-cross; 5, Arthur-street East, London-bridge; 82, Queen Victoria-street; 43, Crutched-friars; 4, Cheapside; 67, Gresham-street; and 351, Oxford-street. For fares and full particulars see handbills.

J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.—EASTER HOLIDAYS.—

On THURSDAY, April 10th, CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS will leave LONDON as follows:—

	A	B	C	D	E	F
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	noon	p.m.	p.m.
St. Pancras	8.0	10.5	11.30	12.0	1.30	3.20
Victoria (L.C. & D.) ..	6.48	8.47	9.33	10.58	12.5	2.17
Moorgate Street	7.35	9.37	11.13	11.41	12.48	3.13
Aldersgate Street	7.37	9.39	11.15	11.43	12.50	3.15
Farringdon Street	7.39	9.41	11.17	11.45	12.52	3.17
Kentish Town	8.5	10.10	11.35	12.4	1.35	3.25

A For Keighley, Colne, Lancaster, Morecambe, Carlisle, &c.
B For Chesterfield, Sheffield, Rotherham, Barnsley, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Matlock, Buxton, Stockport, Warrington, Liverpool, Guide Bridge, Manchester, &c.
C For Hincley, Nuneaton, Birmingham, York, and Hull.
D For Burton.
E For Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Newark, Lincoln, &c.
F For Ilkeston, Codnor Park, Rye Bridge, Mansfield, &c.

Returning on TUESDAY, April 15th. Tickets, Bills, and all particulars may be obtained at the several Railway Stations and Parcels Receiving Offices, and at Thos. Cook and Son's Receiving Offices, Ludgate Circus, 445, West Strand, and front of St. Pancras Station, Euston-road, Derby, March, 1879.

JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.—SOUTH-EASTERN

RAILWAY.—ALL EXPRESS and ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS for distances from Ten to Fifty Miles, including those between London and Beckenham Junction, and the Cheap Return Tickets between London and Westenhanger, Hythe, Sandgate, Shorncliffe, Folkestone, and Dover, issued on 10th, 11th, and 12th April, will be available for the Return Journey by any Train of the same description and Class up to and including April 16th. Return Tickets for distances under Ten Miles, and those for distances over Fifty Miles, will be available for the usual time.

The Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets to the Sea-Side, issued on April 12th, will also be available to return up to and including April 16th.

This Extension of time does not apply to the London and Gravesend Cheap Tickets, nor to those between London and Shalford and Stations to Wellington College inclusive.

GOOD FRIDAY & EASTER MONDAY.—Special

Cheap Excursion Trains from London to Dover, Folkestone, Shorncliffe, Hythe, Sandgate, Hastings, St. Leonards, Margate, Ramsgate, Canterbury, &c. Fare there and back, 5s. Third Class; Children under Twelve half fares. Also Cheap Return Tickets from Country Stations to the Sea-Side Stations. For Times of Departure see Bills.

THURSDAY, APRIL 10th.—Special Fast Trains

will run to Sea-Side and other Stations.

ON GOOD FRIDAY Trains will run as on Sundays.

GOOD FRIDAY & EASTER MONDAY.—Special

Cheap Trains for Blackheath, Greenwich, and Gravesend.

EASTER MONDAY.—Various Special Alterations

and Arrangements; for particulars of which see Handbills, &c.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.—Hastings, St. Leonards, and

FOLKESTONE, Dover, Hythe, and Sandgate by

South-Eastern Railway.

RAMSGATE, Margate, Canterbury, Sevenoaks, and

Maidstone by South-Eastern Railway. See Time Tables and particulars of Special Arrangements for Easter Holidays.

CHEAP TICKETS for Excursions to PARIS and

back, via Folkestone and Boulogne (the Cheapest, Shortest, and Quickest Short-Sea Route), or via Dover and Calais. Fares: Third Class, 31s. 6d.; Second Class, 47s.; available for 14 days, from Charing Cross and Cannon Street Stations daily.

EXPRESS Tidal Services as usual.

For further particulars see Time Books, &c.

JOHN SHAW, Manager and Secretary.

BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE: DIRECT ROUTE

TO INDIA.

FORTNIGHTLY SAILINGS. First Class Passenger Steamers fitted up expressly for the trade. Qualified Surgeons and Stewardses carried.

From Glasgow. From Liverpool.

TRINACRIA Sailed. Sailed.

ANGLIA Sailed. Saturday, April 5. Sailed. Saturday, April 12.

First Class, 45 Guineas. Sail punctually as advertised. Apply for berths or handbooks to Henderson Brothers, Union-street, Glasgow, and 17, Water-street, Liverpool; J. W. Jones, Chapel Walks, Manchester; Grindlay and Co., 55, Parliament-street, S.W.; or to Henderson Brothers, 19, Leadenhall-street, London, E.C.

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

ALL EXPRESS and ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be extended as usual.

AN EXTRA FAST TRAIN for Brighton will leave Victoria and London Bridge at 2.40 p.m., Thursday, April 10th (1st, 2nd, and Parliamentary).

AN EXTRA FAST TRAIN for Eastbourne and Hastings will leave London Bridge at 3.35 p.m., Thursday, April 10th (1st, 2nd, and Parliamentary).

EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge will convey passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor and Newport, on April 9th, 10th, and 12th; also to Cowes on April 10th and 12th (1st, 2nd, and Parliamentary).

PARIS.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION.—

Leaving London Bridge and Victoria at 7.25 a.m., Thursday, April 10th, arriving in Paris 7.30 p.m.

Returning from Paris by Night Service on any day up to and including Wednesday, April 23rd. Fares, First Class, 36s.; Second Class, 27s.

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY AND ON GOOD

FRIDAY, a Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS on Good Friday, Easter Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, from London Bridge, calling at New Cross; from Victoria and from Kensington, calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, Clapham Junction, Crystal Palace, Norwood Junction, and Croydon. Fare there and back, Third Class, 4s.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, AND EAST

BOURNE.—CHEAP EXCURSIONS on Good Friday, Easter Sunday, and Easter Monday, from London Bridge and Victoria.

PORTSMOUTH AND ISLE OF WIGHT.—

CHEAP EXCURSIONS on Good Friday, Saturday, April 12th, Easter Sunday, and Easter Monday, from London Bridge and Victoria.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT

TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New Cross; also from Victoria, York-road, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea.

For full particulars of Times, Fares, &c., see Handbills and Time Books, to be had at all Stations, and at 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, where Tickets may be obtained.

(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

NORTH LONDON RAILWAY

EASTER HOLIDAYS, APRIL, 1879.

Trains every fifteen minutes to and from CHALK FARM for Primrose Hill and the Zoological Gardens.

To and from HIGHBURY and ISLINGTON for the Agricultural Hall, and to and from VICTORIA PARK and Hampstead Heath and Willesden Junction.

Every Half-hour to and from KEW BRIDGE for Kew Gardens.

Every Hour to and from RICHMOND, with a frequent train service to and from Teddington, for Bushey Park and Hampton Court.

Every Half-hour to and from KENSINGTON (Addison Road) and SOUTH KENSINGTON, with a frequent train service in connection with the CRYSTAL PALACE.

Frequent trains to Finsbury Park, ALEXANDRA PALACE STATION, Wood Green, Barnet, High Barnet, and Enfield.

Broad Street, March, 1879. By Order.

ROYAL AQUARIUM, WESTMINSTER.

The Royal Aquarium, for variety, novelty, and excellence of its entertainments, surpasses all other rival establishments.

Open at 11.

Admission One Shilling.

11 to 1 Miscellaneous attractions. Monday and Fridays.

1.15. Stokes on Memory. Monday and Fridays.

3.15. Concert by the Royal Aquarium Orchestra.

3.30 and 8.15. Renowned Variety Entertainment. The Martinetti Troupe in Grand Ballet, Robert Macaire; the Brothers Dare; Pongo; Quida; Smith and Hess; Stot-Tai; Sutherland Troupe.

The Manager begs to announce that in consequence of the thorough success which has attended her marvellous performances, he has re-engaged LA-LA.

6.0. Toby, the seal, will go through his performance in the large seal tank.

6.0. Recital on the Great Organ by Mr. W. H. Handley.

7.30. Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert. Vocalists—Madame San Martino Campobello and Mr. Gooch.

8.30. Second Unsurpassed Variety Entertainment.

BLONDIN returns April 21.

Now on, Billiard Tournament—7th, 8th, 9th, 10th. Professionals, J. Bennett, Tom Taylor, G. Collins, F. Bennett, W. D. Richards, J. Lloyd, G. Hunt and A. Hughes.

MISS LITTON respectfully announces that the Theatre will be Closed from Monday till Friday inclusive in Passion Week, and on Saturday, April 12th, the LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE of Goldsmith's SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, will be given, but that, consequent on its great success on Easter Monday, April 14, and every evening, She Stoops to Conquer will be played, preceded during the week by Man is Not Perfect; and on Monday, April 21st, will be produced a new burlesque on The Lady of Lyons, in which Miss Lydia Thompson (specially engaged), Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Herbert Campbell, and full company will appear.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM. Now

On View, a fine PORPOISE. The only living specimen in captivity. Sea Lions, with young one. Alligators and Crocodiles in their new cavern. Living Birds, and by far the largest collection of fishes in the world. New Terrace Garden and Promenade, the most elegant in the Kingdom. G. REEVES SMITH, General Manager.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.—

Open on Easter Monday and four following days at Sixpence each.

LAST THREE DAYS OF PERFORMING PRIOR TO THE

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.</

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.
Last Five nights of
MR. SOTHERN,
who will appear each night at 7.45 as LORD DUNDREARY,
And on Saturday Morning, April 12, at 2.30, as
DAVID GARRICK.
On Easter Monday will be produced a new and original comedy drama in
five acts, by W. G. Wills, Esq.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—MR. HENRY IRVING
respectfully announces to the public that the Lyceum Theatre will be
closed from MONDAY, April 7, till SATURDAY, April 12, when it will
re-open with HAMLET, and that on THURSDAY, April 17, THE LADY
OF LYONS will be produced, and will for a limited period be performed
on five nights during each week.
HAMLET BEING PLAYED ON EACH WEDNESDAY.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
The NEW PLAY, by W. S. Gilbert, entitled GRETCHEN,
EVERY EVENING until further notice, at 8 o'clock. Doors open at 7.
Box-office hours 11 to 5. No booking fees. Manager, Mr. Henry Neville.
Acting Manager, Mr. George Coleman. No Free List.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.
Grand Revival (50th night) of Charles Reade's ITS NEVER TOO
LATE TO MEND. Every Evening at 7.45. Preceded by FAMILY
JARS, at 7.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Last
weeks of OUR BOYS. Every Evening until Wednesday next, at
7.30, ONCE AGAIN; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS,
written by H. J. Byron (1,354th and following nights). Concluding with
A HIGHLAND FLING. Supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas
Thorne, Garthorne, Bradbury, Austin, Hargreaves, and David James;
Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-
Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

GAITY THEATRE, STRAND.—Sole
Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGHEAD. First nights of a
new Burlesque, by Byron, called PRETTY EMERALDA and CAPTAIN
PHEBUS OF OURS, whole Gaiety Company, at 9.15. Preceded at 6.45
by Operetta, and at 7.15 by UNCLE, Byron's successful comedy. Open 6.30.
Close 11. Prices from 6d. No Fees. Afternoon performances every
Saturday, 2 to 5.

CRITERION THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.
Every Evening at 9, the enormously successful new comedy, TRUTH,
by Bronson Howard, in which Mr. Charles Wyndham will appear, sup-
ported by Messrs. H. Standing, Carton, and W. J. Hill; Mesdames L.
Vining, M. Rorke, A. Della, E. Vining, R. Egan, F. Lee, and Mrs.
Stephens. Preceded at 7.30 by MEG'S DIVERSION, by F. T. Craven.
Supported by Messrs. Carton, Francis, Tritton, White, and Geo. Giddens;
Mesdames Hewitt, Edgeworth, and M. Rorke. New scenery by Ryan.
Musical Director, Mr. E. Solomon. Box-office open from 10 till 5. No
booking fees. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30.—Acting Manager and
Treasurer, Mr. H. J. Hitchens.

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Mr. HARE, Lessee and Manager.
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Graham, M. Wenman. Punctually at 8.15, THE LADIES' BATTLE. Mrs.
Kendal, Miss C. Grahame, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Chevalier, and
Mr. Hare. Concluding with UNCLE'S WILL. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.
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SATURDAY, April 12, morning performance of the QUEEN'S SHIL-
LING, comedy in three acts, by C. W. Godfrey.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. B.
WEBSTER. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—
Every Evening (Good Friday excepted) at 8, THE HUNCHBACK. Miss
Neilson, Miss Lydia Foote, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. C. Harcourt,
Flockton, R. Pateman, E. J. George, F. Charles Bernard, and Mr. Henry
Neville. Preceded by WHO SPEAKS FIRST.—Doors open at 6.30, com-
mence at 7. Box-office open 10 to 5. No booking fees.

OPERA COMIQUE.
H.M.S. PINAFORE.—Every evening, this successful nautical opera,
by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, by the original artists: Messrs. G.
Grossmith, R. Barrington, R. Temple, Clifton, and G. Power; Mesdames E.
Hosson, Everard, and Jessie Bond, at 8.30. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Cellier.
Preceded at 7.45, by CUPS AND SAUCERS, Mr. G. Grossmith, and followed
by the new Vaudeville, AFTER ALL, by F. Desprez, music by A. Cellier.
Morning Performance every Saturday at 2.30.—R. D'Oyly Carte, Manager.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.
Managers.—HOIT and WILKOT.
NEW BABYLON, by Paul Meritt. Everyone should see Tattersall's,
Cremorne, Goodwood, and the Collision at Sea. Miss Caroline Hill and
double Company. Magnificent scenery by Thomas Rogers. Three extra
rows of Stalls have been added. Acting Manager, Mr. J. W. Currans.

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LA POULE AUX ŒUFS D'OR.—EVERY EVENING, Mesdames
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L. Kelleher, C. Power, Mat Robson, and E. Righton. The Girdars, M.
Briet and Mdlle. Reviere, the celebrated Buffo Duettists. Three Grand
Ballets. Mdlles. Gellert, Rosa, Irma Rokoh, and Signora Mulvena Carallazzi.
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YEARS AGO, followed by the successful drama by James Guiver, THE
LAST STROKE OF MIDNIGHT, supported by the large and powerful
Company. Special engagement of Mr. Herbert Campbell and Miss Maude
Stafford—this week only. Conclude with (last five nights) THE COOKS OF
THE KITCHEN, by the Great Lauri Family. Great preparations for Easter,
dancing on the open platform, brilliantly illuminated. Morning performance
on Easter Monday, at 2, of THE HUNCHBACK.

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Bishopsgate.
Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. JOHN and RICHARD DOUGLASS.
Miss BELLA PATEMAN in the Adelphi drama, PROOF, for Four Nights
longer, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, April 7th, 8th, 9th,
and 10th. At 7.15, PROOF; or, A CELEBRATED CASE, Messrs. McIntyre,
Chamberlain, Walton, Percival; Mesdames de Solla, Neville, Goward, and
Miss Bella Pateman as Madeleine and Adrienne. Saturday next, April 12th,
Easter Monday and following evenings, the celebrated Olympic drama,
TWO ORPHANS. Original artists and full and efficient company.

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Sole Proprietress—Mrs. S. LANE.
Every Evening (Friday excepted) at quarter to seven, CURSE OF
DISOBEDIENCE. Messrs. J. B. Howe, Rhyds, Reeve, Pitt; Mdlles.
Brewer and Newham. Musical Extravaganza, WILLIAM THAT MARRIED
SUSAN. Messrs. Fred Foster, Bigwood, Lewis; Mdlles. Pollie Randall,
Summers. Concluding with PENAL LAW. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound,
Drayton, Towers, Hyde. Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Rayner. EASTER MON-
DAY, Production of a new fantastical Drama in Four Acts, by E. Manuel,
Esq., entitled, THE RABBIT'S SON.

HAMILTON'S AMPHITHEATRE, HOLBORN.—
Owing to important Engagements this successful season will
shortly terminate. Nightly at 8. Monday and Saturday at 3 and 8.
ZULU WAR, Battle of Isandula, the heroic stand against 20,000 Zulus by
the gallant 24th. Cetewayo, the Zulu King, military Kraal. Other events
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Scenery of Passing Events. The Afghan War, Storming and Capture of the
fortress of Ali Musjid. O I C M Minstrels. War dance, by Zulu Warriors.
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VARIETIES.
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Indies. Jack ashore at Portsmouth. Songs and Hornpipes. Nelson's
Departure from England. Castanet Ballet at Cadiz. On board the
Victory. Musket Drill. Cutlass Drill. Shortening Sail. Beating to
Quarters. The Battle. The Death of Nelson.
The Daily Telegraph says: "Arranged in a manner well calculated to
invite an expression of patriotic sympathies and evoke enthusiastic plaudits."
The Observer says: "Surpasses anything of the kind ever attempted."
VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT during the Evening:
Miss Nelly Power, Mr. Arthur Lloyd, Mr. Fred Wilson, the Kiralfys, &c.

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COVENT GARDEN.

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The body of the Hall is reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES.

ADMISSION 2s.

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Next week's ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain
the following high-class engravings:—A Portrait of Madame Mary Cum-
mings—Sport in Canada—Sketches from the Oxford and Cambridge Boat
Race—Reynard the Hunter—Cray-Fishing in Berkshire—"Blood will Tell,"
by J. Sturges—Portrait of Mr. George Fox—Famous Actresses (con-
tinued), Mrs. Hartley—Pencilings from the Plays—Lions in the Zoo—A
Loving Pair in Italy—Sketches by Our Captious Critic, &c.—Fox-Hunting
in India, from sketches made on the spot, &c.

THE LATE MR. PHELPS, as "DR.
CANTWELL," drawn from life by Matt. Stretch. A few proof
copies on plate paper may be had, price One Shilling each, by post 1s. 1d.
Apply to the Publisher, 248, Strand, London.

MISS GLYN has the honour to announce that she
will continue her READINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE at STEINWAY
HALL, Lower Seymour-street, on TUESDAY Evening next, April 8th,
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. To commence at 8 o'clock precisely.
Doors open at 7.30. Tickets 5s., 3s., and 2s., may be obtained of the usual
agents, and at Steinway Hall.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAIN-
MENT. St. George's Hall, Langham-place. Closed Passion Week.
Re-open Easter Monday at 3 and 8 with "GRIMSTONE GRANGE," a
Tale of the Last Century. By Gilbert and Arthur A'Beckett. Concluding
with OUR CALICO BALL, a new Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain.
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8. Morning performances,
Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s.

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BLACK SILKS,
Manufactured by BONNET, of Lyons.
Messrs. JAY beg to inform their Patrons and the
Public generally

that they are now selling these well-known
PURE LIGHT DYED SILKS
at a reduction of from 33 to 40 per cent. off
prices that were charged previous to the

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BLACK SILKS, at the following reduced rate:

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22 inches wide, from 5s. 3d. per yard.

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beverage for Breakfast, Luncheon, or Supper, and invaluable for Invalids
and Children." Highly commended by the entire Medical Press.

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better in all climates, and is four times the strength of Cocos thickened yet
weakened with Starch, &c., and really cheaper. Made with boiling water, a
teaspoonful to a Breakfast Cup, costing less than a halfpenny. In tin
packets at 1s. 6d., 3s., 5s. 6d., &c. By Chemists and Grocers.

Cocoatina la Vanille

Is the most delicate, digestible, cheapest Vanilla Chocolate, and may be
taken when richer chocolate is prohibited.

H. SCHWEITZER and Co., 10, Adam-street, Adelphi, W.C.

THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

THE impossibility of making coaching at once an
amusement for gentlemen and a source of profit for horse-
dealers has at length been made apparent. An unwritten
law, which is perfectly well understood by the first-
mentioned class, and is apparently incomprehensible to
the second, has hitherto guided the action of modern
"coachmen," and when the two classes are brought into
contact the consequences may be guessed. It is on the
Dorking Road that a difficulty has occurred, and the case
briefly stated is this. The "road" was first started in
1870 by Sir Henry de Bathe and the late Colonel Whit-
tington; and their coach was canary and red. Ever since
the death of the latter it has, of course, been regarded as
Sir Henry's road. In consequence of his absence on
military duty at Manchester, Sir Henry was for some
years unable to resume his coach, but, again of course, his
claim to it has been acknowledged, and his permission
asked, before a coach has been run. Lord Aveland, Lord
Castlereagh, and other gentlemen have driven coaches on
the Dorking Road, but always after asking Sir Henry

whether they could do so without interfering with his
wishes and convenience. This year, however, Sir Henry
desired to resume his old place on his Dorking coach; but
a certain Mr. Sheather, a horse-dealer, has, I believe,
actually started a coach, and has had, moreover, the
effrontery to paint it canary and red in imitation of Sir
Henry de Bathe's colours. The Queen's highway is no
doubt open to everybody, and there is no Act of Parlia-
ment to prevent a man from painting his vehicle what
colour he chooses. But—though Mr. Sheather possibly
has not sufficient intelligence to understand it—there is an
unwritten law which should have been sufficient to check
that personage. Gentlemen, and more especially ladies,
who propose to go for a trip on a coach will, I hope, dis-
criminate between Sir Henry's coach and the opposition.
It is to be hoped that some of Mr. Sheather's customers,
too, may give him a hint.

THE question as to whether the number of foxes in the
country is or is not declining frequently causes discussion.
Some years ago it was prophesied that with the extension
of railways in all directions foxes would speedily become
extinct; but much as railways have increased in number
and length of mileage there are very large tracts of the
country still out of reach of the line. Packs of hounds are
more numerous than they were, also; yet neither railways
nor more numerous hunts have made any appreciable dif-
ference in the numbers of foxes. In certain years foxes are
fewer than in others, and when some seasons ago, for
several consecutive years, the numbers seemed to be diminish-
ing in various parts of the country, not a little alarm was
felt amongst hunting men, who dreaded the extermination
of their favourite enemy. But since then there have been
several good years in succession, and the general verdict
seems to be that there are as many foxes in the country
now as there were half a century ago. The fox is not
such a wild creature as many suppose, and is by no means
averse from establishing a comfortable home very near in-
deed to the borders of civilisation. Within a hundred
yards of the Badminton Kennels, for example, foxes have
been known to take up their abode, which rather detracts
from their reputation for wiliness. On the whole, accord-
ing to the best authorities, fox-hunting will in all proba-
bility continue in the land for an indefinite period.

MR. W. S. GILBERT's new Bab Ballad in *Time*,
"Jester James," is excellent alike for its humour and for
the smooth and easy flow of its verse, which could scarcely
be better. An extract from one of Mr. Bret Harte's poems
is often quoted as a specimen of fluent versification:—

Then Abner Jones of Angel's raised a point of order, when
A piece of old red sandstone struck him in the abdomen.
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

Mr. Gilbert's lines are equally good:—

But, ah! there came a day when it was patent to Sir Hugh
That James had uttered nearly all the decent jokes he knew.
He doled them out at intervals, and much impaired their
strength

By dwelling on their merits at unnecessary length.

Poor Jester James grew anxious when he found he didn't
please;

And when they guessed his riddles (which they did with perfect
ease)

He used to groan and weep, and beat his bosom with his fist,
Which isn't what you look for in a private humorist.

This is surely a model of what comic verse ought to be—
and usually is not.

WHAT we are coming to, agriculturally, is a problem
which is occupying the attention of thoughtful men in
general, and landlords in particular, to say nothing of
farmers. For an owner of land to have suddenly four
farms returned upon his hands, no tenants forthcoming,
and other occupiers too impecunious to pay their rent, is one
case out of, I am afraid, a good many. Grain comes from
abroad in profusion, and across the water infinite acres are
still being cultivated for the English market. The quan-
tity of meat imported from Australia and North America
is enormous; and when it is said that in South America
four-year-old bullocks are slaughtered simply for the sake
of their hides and tongues, it will be evident that if the
knowledge of how to preserve meat increases, we shall
have immense quantities from that coast. England, I
have heard it prophesied, will become the head-quarters of
the trade in game. Farming will not pay, wheat-growing
and stock-raising will be equally unproductive employ-
ments, and game only will be cultivated. We shall supply
the world with pheasants, partridges, grouse, and hares,
eat the rabbits ourselves, I suppose; and when we have
butchers' meat for a change it will be American or Aus-
tralian, from which countries all our corn will also come.
I only hope that these days, if they are to come, will not
be yet.

MR. MORTIMER COLLINS's gastronomical sonnet for
April is rather limited in its suggestion of bills of fare, but
it is too neat and pretty to be omitted from the series, and
as I have quoted the others I give this:—

APRIL.

Thou beautiful April, month well-named,
By reason that all things thou openest,
Whether the fair flower, or the maiden's breast,
Or aught that is delicious and unshamed
And perfect in its beauty. Am I blamed
For writing of sweet spring with joyous zest,
When the wicked cuckoo steals an alien nest,
When woods are musical with wings untamed?
This will I say of April: he who knows
The true administration of the kitchen-
Garden, and puts a clever little witch in
His culinary corner, safely grows
Green peas the vernal joint of lamb to suit,
And his asparagus is absolute.

RAPIER.

THE Orleans Club, Twickenham, will re-open on Monday,
April 28th, when the annual opening dinner will take place.

THE purchase of the lease of Her Majesty's Theatre, from the
Earl of Dudley was completed on Tuesday last by Mr. Maples-
on, who has thus become the owner of the house.

REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC.

CRAMER & Co., 201, Regent-street, W.—“The Rival Blues,” price 4s., written by E. Oxenford, composed by O. Barri, is a *pièce d'occasion*, and is above the average of such productions, as regards both words and music. The following six songs, price 4s. each, are composed by Rosa Guerini:—“Good morrow!” words by Thomas Heywood. In this setting of Heywood’s “Pack, clouds, away,” there is a strong vein of originality. The melody is fresh and characteristic, the accompaniment well written.—“The Wave,” words by Longfellow. The spirit of the poetry is fitly embodied in the melody, and the accompaniments are expressive.—“An Epitaph on a Robin Redbreast,” words by Sam. Rogers. The playful lines of Rogers are hardly suitable for musical treatment. Madame Guerini has set them cleverly, but the melody, which commences in A flat major, terminates in F minor, and little advantage results from this

departure from ordinary rule.—“Ode to the Cuckoo,” words by M. Bruce. There is little merit in the lines addressed to the “beauteous (!) stranger of the grove,” and the music is commonplace.—“Echoes,” words by A. Procter. This setting of Miss Procter’s pathetic verses is highly meritorious, and the song will be prized by contraltos and barytones.—“A Dream,” words by A. Procter. This is a charming song. The melody, within the compass of ordinary voices, is graceful, the accompaniments are ably written, and the song deserves to become popular.

NOVELLO & Co., 1, Berners-street, W.—“He was very good to me,” price 3s., written and composed by Alfred Allen; is also entitled “Poor Jo’s Song,” and is founded on a touching incident in *Bleak House*. Mr. Allen cannot be complimented on his attempt at verse-writing, or his ability to write plain English. The second of the two following lines is, to say the least, a singular illustration of the ellipsis:—

I know not whether he’d a wife,
Or what his name then be.

The music is ineffective, and in its way as peculiar as the lines to which it is attached. The original key is D major. A transition into the relative minor is made, but concludes in the key of F major! The abrupt recurrence of the key of D major, which follows, has a most displeasing effect. With the above is given a setting, by the same composer, of Shelley’s lines, commencing, “A widow bird sat mourning.” The composer merits praise for seeking inspiration in the poetry of Shelley, but has failed to produce music in any degree worthy of his theme. He is apparently fond of abrupt changes of time, and flies from 9.8 to 12.8 time, and back again, then to 6.8 time—making no less than seven changes of time in 21 bars. No good effect results from these devices, and he would do well to adhere to simpler forms of composition until he has acquired the power of invention, in which he at present appears to be deficient.

METZLER & Co., 37, Great Marlborough-street, W.—“We wait for thy loving-kindness, Lord,” price 1s. nett, motett for female voices, by John Hullah; the words taken from Psalm



LEFT TO FATE—AN INCIDENT OF THE FLOODS IN HUNGARY.

xlvi. This masterly composition, written for two sopranos and two contraltos, is worthy the reputation of its distinguished author. Melody and counterpoint are alike admirable, and the motett ought to find a place in every musical library.—“A wintry evening,” price 4s., words and music by Lady Lindsay, of Balcarras. The burden of the song is,—

in that wintry evening
You stole my heart away,

and the word “on” would be preferable to “in.” With few exceptions the lines are well written, and the melody is expressive.—“At her wheel,” words and music by the same author. The words are well written, and the melody is appropriate.—“There once was a time, my darling,” price 4s., words by H. P. Stephens, music by Alfred Cellier. Mr. Cellier has set these well-written lines to a flowing and sympathetic melody, and the song deserves to become popular.—“Strictly Proper,” price 4s., comic duet from the vaudeville *After All*, written by F. Desprez, composed by A. Cellier. This is the lively duet successfully sung by MM. Barrington and Temple, at the Opera Comique. The

music is light and pretty, and the duet will be useful to amateurs.—“Melodia Brasileira,” price 4s., by P. De Vos. A brilliant fantasia on a quaint Brazilian melody.—“Semper Fidelis,” price 4s., is a song without words for piano, by E. Dorn. It is melodious and pathetic, and will afford opportunities to amateur pianists capable of playing with expression.

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent-street.—“The Seasons of Life,” price 4s., words by R. H. M. Jackman, music by Marion Beard. The words are acceptable, the melody is simple, and the song will be useful for teaching purposes.

DUFF & STEWART, 147, Oxford-street, W.—“Home from Sea,” price 4s., written by F. E. Weatherby, composed by W. C. Levey. The words are well written. The melody is worthy of Mr. Levey, which is saying much, for few of our modern song-writers have greater fertility of invention.

WOOD & Co., 3, Great Marlborough-street, W.—The “Louise Valse,” price 3s., composed by J. Cooke, junr., is simple, but tuneful and effective.

J. BATH, 40, Great Marlborough-street, W.—“La Comète”

waltz, price 4s., by J. Cooke, junr. This waltz is not distinguished by originality, but is well adapted to ball-room purposes.—“The Starlight Polka,” price 3s., by the same composer, is bright and tuneful.

HOWARD & Co., 28, Great Marlborough-street, W.—“Kinderfreuden,” price 3s., is an agreeably melodious pianoforte solo, by E. Branmer, and will be acceptable to juvenile pianists.—“The Noble 24th,” price 6d. nett, written by G. C. Anewick, composed by V. Davies, is a patriotic song, in honour of the heroes of Isandula. The words are of average quality, and the tune is simple but vigorous.

HER MAJESTY has graciously signified her intention of becoming the patron of the Bach Choir.

A DINNER was held at Stockton to commemorate the presentation to Mr. Harvey of an equestrian portrait of himself, the Marquis of Londonderry presiding. Mr. Harvey has been Master of the South Durham Foxhounds for the past 18 years.

THE CHAPEL AND TOMB OF JULIET IN VERONA.

"For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That while Verona by that name is known
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet."

INSTEAD of the golden statue which Shakspeare in his celebrated drama makes Romeo's father dedicate to the memory of Juliet, we find as a memento of the expiatory sacrifice to the greatest of human passions—love and hate—only the remains of a rough-hewn sarcophagus which once contained the mortal remains of her so truly and ardently loved by the son of Bartolomeo della Scalla.

In a street leading out of the Via Cappuccini (Verona) stands the Garden of the Orphanage, once the Churchyard of the Franciscan Monastery. On this spot Romeo and Juliet, scions of two noble houses of equal rank, met, and burying with them their father's hate found their death. Here, near a chapel long since fallen into decay, stands a tomb of red granite in which Juliet was buried.

Surely such intense love, sacrifice, and steadfastness of mind deserved a monument as much as that which was erected to the memory of Abelard and Héloïse at Père-la-Chaise in Paris, but there needs no golden statue, no sculptured stone or architectural monument, to preserve the memory of their passionately true and tender loves and martyrdom. "The loving hearts so much bewept and by poets sung," to quote the inscription in the House of the Capuletti, will live enshrined in the beauty of Shakspeare's mournful tragedy so long as the drama lasts, or as long as men can read in books or tell old stories of forgotten ages.

It is curious to look back and note with what varied feelings great men have visited all that remains of Juliet's tomb in Verona. The late Charles Dickens lived so thoroughly and exclusively the life of his time, and, luckily for us, occupied himself so exclusively and studiously in depicting it, that we expect him to approach every relic of the past with a kind of vague wondering as to its reality. The past was never real to him until he had in some one way or other linked it with the present. Thus in his "Pictures from Italy" he says:

"I had been half afraid to go to Verona, lest it should at all put me out of conceit with *Romeo and Juliet*. But, I was no sooner come into the old Market-place than the misgiving vanished. It is so fanciful, quaint, and picturesque a place, formed by such an extraordinary and rich variety of fantastic buildings, that there could be nothing better at the core of even this romantic town—scene of one of the most romantic and beautiful of stories.

"It was natural enough to go straight from the Market-place to the House of the Capulets, now degenerated into a most miserable little inn. Noisy vetturini and muddy market-carts were disputing possession of the yard, which was ankle-deep in dirt, with a brood of splashed and bespattered geese; and there was a grim-visaged dog, viciously panting in a doorway, who would certainly have had Romeo by the leg the moment he put it over the wall, if he had existed and been at large in those times. The orchard fell into other hands, and was parted off many years ago; but there used to be one attached to the house—or at all events there may have been—and the hat (Cappello), the ancient cognisance of the family, may still be seen, carved in stone, over the gateway of the yard. The geese, the market-carts, their drivers, and the dog were somewhat in the way of the story, it must be confessed; and it would have been pleasanter to have found the house empty, and to have been able to walk through the disused rooms. But the hat was unspeakably comfortable; and the place where the garden used to be hardly less so. Besides, the house is as distrustful, jealous-looking house as one would desire to see, though of a very moderate size. So I was quite satisfied with it, as the veritable mansion of old Capulet, and was correspondingly grateful in my acknowledgments to an extremely unsentimental middle-aged lady, the padrona of the hotel, who was lounging on the threshold looking at the geese, and who at least resembled the Capulets in the one particular of being very great indeed in the 'family' way.

"From Juliet's home to Juliet's tomb is a transition as natural to the visitor as to fair Juliet herself, or to the proudest Juliet that ever has taught the torches to burn bright in any time. So, I went off, with a guide, to an old, old garden, once belonging to an old, old convent, I suppose; and being admitted, at a shattered gate, by a bright-eyed woman who was washing clothes, went down some walks where fresh plants and young flowers were prettily growing among fragments of old wall, and ivy-covered mounds; and was shown a little tank, or water trough, which the bright-eyed woman—drying her arms upon her 'kerchief, called 'La tomba di Giulietta las fortunata.' With the best disposition in the world to believe, I could do no more than believe that the bright-eyed woman believed; so I gave her that much credit, and her customary fee in ready-money. It was a pleasure, rather than a disappointment, that Juliet's resting-place was forgotten. However consolatory it may have been to Yorick's ghost to hear the feet upon the pavement overhead, and, twenty times a day, the repetition of his name, it is better for Juliet to lie out of the track of tourists, and to have no visitors but such as come to graves in spring-rain, and sweet air, and sunshine.

"Pleasant Verona! With its beautiful old palaces, and charming country in the distance, seen from terrace walks, and stately, balustraded galleries. With its Roman gates, still spanning the fair street, and casting on the sunlight of to-day

the shade of fifteen hundred years ago. With its marble-fitted churches, lofty towers, rich architecture, and quaint old quiet thoroughfares, where shouts of Montagues and Capulets once resounded,

And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave, beseeching ornaments,
To wield old partizans.

With its fast-rushing river, picturesque old bridge, great castle, waving cypresses, and prospect so delightful, and so cheerful! Pleasant Verona!"

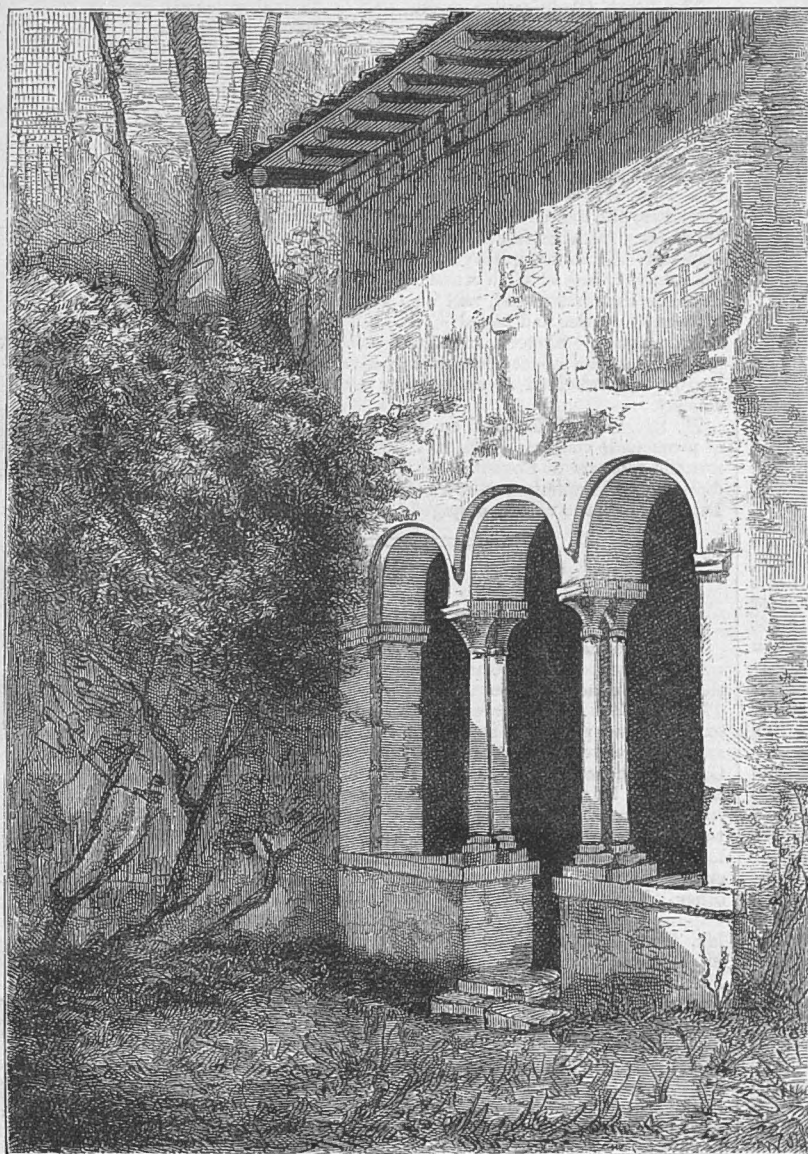
This is very characteristic of our great master of fiction's

doubtfully than there was for disbelieving that of the most picturesque, interesting, and ancient city in Italy, Verona itself, a city famous of old for its stately consequence and the surpassing beauty of its women. This sarcophagus of red granite and Verona marble has been called the tomb of Juliet by successive travellers in Italy for centuries, and the animosities of the Houses of Montagu and Capulet are matter of history, while the "old, old convent," which our justly famous and beloved novelist was content to "suppose" might have existed, had then been so recently burnt down that there must have been old people in Verona who could have told him they had seen it. After the destruction of the monastery—for it was not, as most tourists have said, a convent—the sepulchre of Juliet was removed, and placed in the entrance gateway, where it was mutilated by those who carried away small fragments of it as mementoes, some of them being set in rings which were at one time not uncommon on the fingers of romantic young gentlemen and ladies in Italy and France, and probably in England, as the following extract from one of Byron's letters will suggest. The tomb stood originally in the *souterrain* of Fermo Maggiore, which belonged to an order of Franciscan friars, and was founded in 1230. Lord Byron, in a postscript to one of his letters from Verona, dated Nov. 7, 1816 (in "Moore's Life of Byron") says: "I have been over to Verona. Of the truth of Juliet's story they seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact, giving a date (1303), and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventual garden—once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love. I have brought away a few pieces of the granite to give to my daughters and my nieces."

Miss Maria Callcott writes in 1829: "The tomb now shown as that of Juliet is an ancient sarcophagus of red granite; it has suffered from the fire which burnt down the church, where it was originally placed," and she gives a small, rudely executed engraving of it, which shows it in a condition very similar to that of our engraving. It is also mentioned in "The Travels of Theodore Ducas," and by many others, not forgetting the great tragedian, William Charles Macready, who in his diary (1822) describes his visits to the tomb of Juliet in the following words:—

"It was night, when I desired the guide to take me direct to Juliet's tomb. Our long walk had disinclined him for the visit, and he would have dissuaded me from going, insisting that it was nothing to see; to me it was all—it gave an interest to every step I took and every house I passed. My enthusiasm must have warned into something like anger by the tone in which I ordered him to proceed. We traversed several streets, passed under the wall of the old citadel, and at last emerging from a low and dark archway of some length, pursued our course through a lane between two high garden walls. The luxuriant foliage from one side at times quite overshadowed our path; and the brightness of the moon, which, piercing through the drooping boughs, at intervals shone upon us, deepened by the darkness of the shade. Another lane, exactly similar, into which we turned, brought us to the cottage door, the object of our quest. An old woman answered to our knocking, and led us by the light of a 'lanthorn dimly burning' through her miserable habitation, our steps ringing on the hollow floor, into the garden or vineyard beyond. The roaring of the Adgie alone broke the silence of the night, which was calm, as if there were one rest in heaven and earth; not a leaf stirred near us, and the slow footfall of our steps was heard in clear distinctness. The old woman stopped and held her lanthorn over a broken stone coffin, said to have been the tomb of her who has become a proverb of loveliness and truth. The place had been formerly the garden of a Franciscan convent, but my guide is responsible for my correctness. It may be—I dare say is—fabulous; but yet the delusion was too pleasing to be admitted such. I believe that I saw before me the sepulchre of her whom Shakspeare has taught us to picture as one of the fairest and the best, the gentlest and truest, of her sex. In the study of my art I had often drawn to my fancy the image of her beauty, and now I stood like a fond and credulous pilgrim before her shrine, whose imaginary perfections had filled his visions with delight and love. I drew my slow steps with reluctance from the spot, and when outside the cottage, as I stood in the broad moonlight, looking on the bright planet in full pure glory above me, I thought she must have looked just so when the love-sick boy invoked her beams in attestation of his truth. I would rather have missed ten galleries of pictures than this one hour of dreamy, idle musings."

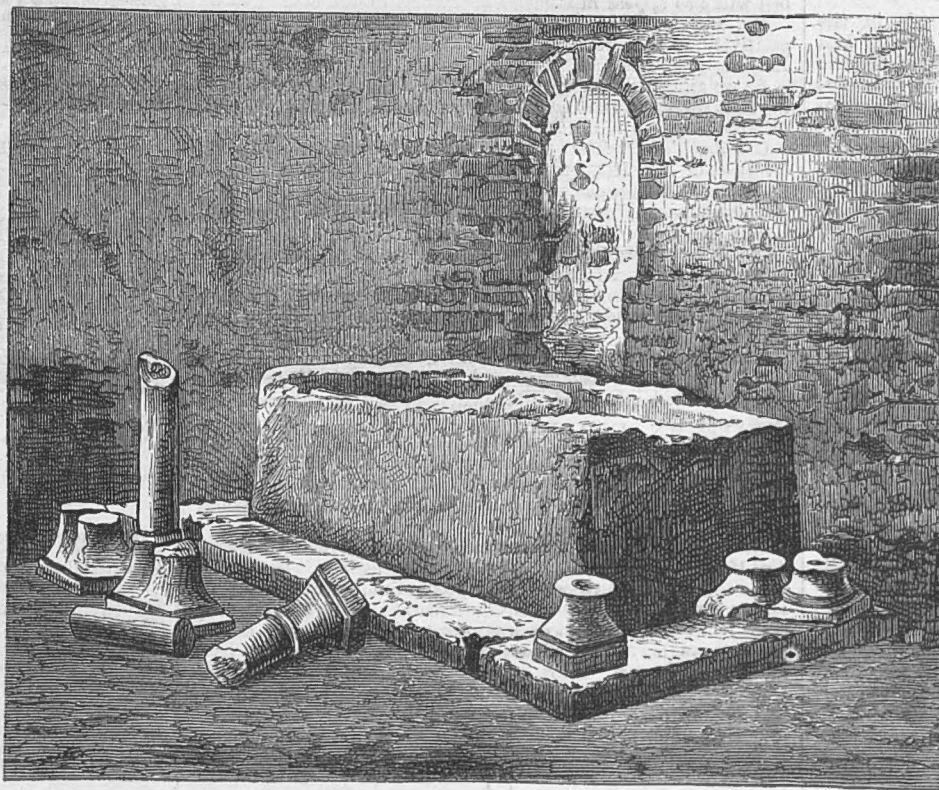
The story of Juliet's tomb, visited, and yet regarded so incredulously, and yet with such curious reverence, by Byron, Dickens and Macready, is, or was, part and parcel of the narrative of her love and death associated with the quarrels of the Montecchi and Capelletti families in the historical records of Verona. The story is said to have been there simply and briefly told, embodying all the leading incidents of which succeeding poets, playwrights, and novelists have made such powerful use. Masuccio di Salerno, in his "Novellino" (1476), added but slightly to the recorded incidents in telling the story of Romeo and Giulietta at the close of the fifteenth century, renaming the hero and heroine Mariollo and Ganezza, and placing the scene in Sienna, having possibly reason for doing so (for the families chiefly concerned appear to have then been in existence, and the facts too recent to be safely dealt with undisguised). His Italian successors took similar liberties, but they restored the names and the real



JULIET'S CHAPEL AT VERONA.

careless, light-hearted, almost contemptuous manner—which has many imitators—of putting aside, as frivolous and incredible, or at best only doubtful, all statements, written or oral, which chanced to be outside the narrow limits of his reading or

garden or vineyard beyond. The roaring of the Adgie alone broke the silence of the night, which was calm, as if there were one rest in heaven and earth; not a leaf stirred near us, and the slow footfall of our steps was heard in clear distinctness. The



JULIET'S TOMB AT VERONA.

his wonderful powers of observation. This bright-eyed Italian woman was possibly no more credulous than himself, but, living on the spot, she was better informed. She probably knew what Dickens evidently did not know, that the tomb had its history, which there was no more fair reason for regarding

and Ganezza, and placing the scene in Sienna, having possibly reason for doing so (for the families chiefly concerned appear to have then been in existence, and the facts too recent to be safely dealt with undisguised). His Italian successors took similar liberties, but they restored the names and the real

locality, as does also Shakspeare's immortal tragedy, which gives it in the more simple form of the original story, although there is internal evidence of his having consulted Painter's free translation from the French of Boisteau's very free translation from the Italian of Luigi da Porta, whose novel, "La Giulietta," was published in 1535 at Venice, some years after his death.

The presence of Queen Victoria in Italy gives additional interest to relics so rich in their associations and suggestions as Juliet's Tomb and Chapel. A. H. W.

MUSIC.

On Tuesday next the London musical season will commence with the opening performance of the Royal Italian Opera. The opera chosen for this occasion is *Le Prophète*, which—apart from its musical merits—is one of those spectacular operas which are best calculated to display to advantage the scenic resources of Covent Garden Theatre. The cast will be identical with that of last season. Signor Gayarré will again appear in the rôle of Jean of Leyden, Madame Scalchi will be the Fides, Madame Smeroschi the Berta, Signor Carbone the tyrannical Count D'Oberthal, and Signor Capponi Zacaria. Signor Vianesi will conduct, and the successful performance given last season will probably be in all respects repeated. It is a relief to find that the gloomy *Ballo in Maschera* is no longer to usher in the season, and although *Le Prophète* is equally tragic, it is much more acceptable than the work which for too many seasons was selected for opening nights of the Royal Italian Opera seasons. On Thursday next Mdle. Zaré Thalberg will make her *rentrée* as the heroine of *Marta*, by no means the best part in her repertory. She is said to have made great progress in her art since the close of last season, and it may be hoped that during the next four months she may fully confirm the high anticipations which have been based on her early efforts. Her voice is of exceptionally beautiful quality, her intonation and articulation are faultless, and all that is needed to secure for her the highest rank on the lyric stage is the emotional power which juvenile artists can seldom evince. Madame Scalchi will resume the rôle of Nancy; the evergreen Graziani will be the Plunketto, and the occasion will acquire special interest from the début of a new tenor, Signor Nouvelli, as Lionello. Since the time of Mario this rôle has been popular with tenors, and although it presents few occasions for the display of those requisites which are essential in tenors of the very highest rank, it includes cantabile passages calculated to show to advantage the best qualities of a good tenor voice, and affords some opportunities for the manifestation of histrionic power. Signor Nouvelli comes here with good credentials, and is sure of a kindly welcome.

La Favorita will be produced this day week, and Mdle. Pasqua will make her first appearance in England, as Leonora. This is an eminently sympathetic rôle, but it has the disadvantage of belonging equally to the contralto and the mezzo-soprano repertoires, and has been successfully filled by such "dramatic" sopranos as Mdles. Pauline Lucca and Therese Tietjens. Whatever may be the success achieved by Mdle. Pasqua on Saturday next, her position as an operatic vocalist can hardly be determined until after her appearance in other characters. On the same occasion Signor Silvestri will make his first appearance in England, in the rôle of Baldassare. It is hardly to be expected that his vocal powers will be equal to those of Signor Bagagiolo—his predecessor in the part—nor is it likely that he will be as deficient in histrionic ability as Signor Bagagiolo, who, in the greatest scene of the opera, used to substitute menaces of a pugilistic kind for the dignity which was required. A basso profondo could hardly select a more advantageous rôle for his début than that of Baldassare, and we hope to give, next week, a favourable account of Signor Silvestri. Signor Gayarré will resume the rôle of Fernando, in which he made his first appearance in this country, and Signor Graziani will once more impersonate the King Alfonso, a part in which—with the exception of M. Faure—he has never had a rival. Both the last-mentioned operas will be conducted by Signor Vianesi. It must be admitted that the first week's programme is highly satisfactory. A quarter of a century back, the operas given before Easter were generally performed by artists of the second rank, condemned to obscurity as soon as the brighter stars began to shine. At the present day, our operatic managers have to consider that many-headed monster, the general public, even more than their list of subscribers, and art is the gainer.

GAIETY THEATRE.

As a composer of opera-bouffe M. Hervé stands in the highest rank, and musicians generally concur in placing him above his rivals, Offenbach and Lecocq. In fertility of melodic invention he is unsurpassed, while in technical skill, constructive power, and mastery of orchestral resources he is far above the two composers just named. His opera-bouffe, *La Belle Poule*, is not, however, one of his most successful efforts. It was composed for the purpose of affording to the famous Parisian opera-bouffe singer, Mdle. Schneider, a favourable opportunity of displaying her peculiar powers; and although the opera contains many well-written and effective ensembles, the character of the heroine, Poulette, is brought into exaggerated prominence. It was, perhaps, because of this that Miss Emily Soldene brought out an English version of the work on Saturday last at the Gaiety Theatre. Unluckily for her, this English version entitled *Poulet and Poulette*, was so feeble a production that not even the charm of Hervé's music could clothe it with interest. The original French libretto is not the best of its kind; the English version is not only weak, but offensive, being interlarded with threadbare jokes incompetent to arouse the ghost of a laugh—with halting rhythms and defective rhymes, with anachronisms and parochisms simply stupid, and with those "topical" allusions which English adapters of French operas-bouffes are accustomed to introduce as substitutes for whatever wit may be found in the works which they undertake to adapt, or, in other words, to disfigure. Miss Soldene worked hard to ensure the success of the work. In fact she worked too hard, and had she been less demonstrative a greater success might have been obtained. She hardly ever concluded a solo without straining her voice to its fullest extent of power, and although this device might secure applause from a certain portion of the audience, it could only make the judicious grieve. It was too evident, throughout the performance, that Poulette must be paramount, and this was absurdly obvious in one scene, where the lime light was thrown on Poulette, and on Poulette alone, wherever she might stand, while the other performers were left in comparative darkness. It is not thus that permanent successes are to be obtained, and these devices would be reprehensible even were an artist infinitely superior to her comrades. This was not the case on Saturday last, when Mdle. Rose Stella, in the character of Fodora, showed to advantage as a piquant actress, able to make every possible point in the delivery of dialogue, and to be spontaneously comic without once relapsing into vulgarity. Her voice is not remarkably agreeable in quality, but she sang like an artist, and, while never obtrusive, made the most of slender opportunities. Mr. Knight Aston, as Poulet, worked zealously. His acting showed intelligence—his singing would have been more acceptable had he been able to avoid the

throatiness which arises from his defective style of voice-production. Mrs. Leigh tried hard to infuse vitality into the inane character of the Marchioness. Mr. E. Marshall, as the Baron, was as comic as the librettist permitted him to be, and the minor parts were satisfactorily filled by Miss Clara Vesey and other performers. It is unfortunate for M. Hervé that his work was introduced to the English public in connection with a libretto so dull and heavy that it must infallibly prove fatal to any operatic composition. He has, however, suffered so much already at the hands of English "adapters" that he should be able to bear this latest infliction with resignation; but in justice to him it must be said that those who attended the Gaiety *matinée* on Saturday last could form but an imperfect notion of *La Belle Poule*.

The Bach Choir season commenced on Thursday last at St. James's Hall, when Bach's Mass in B minor was performed, under the direction of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, for the fifth time in this country. At the second concert, May 14th, Bach's double chorus, "Now shall the grace," and the pastoral symphony from his Christmas oratorio will be performed, also Sterndale Bennett's cantata, *The Woman of Samaria*.

Sir Michael Costa's oratorio, *Eli*, was performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society last week at Exeter Hall. The repetition of this work was a merited compliment to the composer, whose services to the Sacred Harmonic Society can hardly be overrated, but at every fresh hearing the weakness of the oratorio becomes more manifest. The most gratifying incident in the performance was the reappearance of Mr. Vernon Rigby, who has been for a considerable time indisposed, and who on this occasion sang with his wonted power and taste.

Mr. Lindsay Sloper's orchestral *suite de pièces*, successfully produced at the recent Brighton Festival, will, we are glad to learn, be performed at an ensuing Crystal Palace Saturday concert.

M. Rivière left England on Monday last to conduct a series of promenade concerts at Madrid. He will give a series of promenade concerts at Covent Garden next autumn, and will produce a grand orchestral march in honour of the heroes of Rorke's Drift. A chorus will be engaged.

THE DRAMA.

GAIETY THEATRE.

THE announcement of a new burlesque by Mr. Byron always attracts people to the Gaiety, and a large audience gathered there on Wednesday evening to see *Pretty Esmeralda* and *Captain Phœbus of Ours*. Mr. Byron has treated the subject before in an extravaganza produced at the Strand some twenty years ago, and his new version is scarcely so coherent as the old one. But Gaiety audiences do not care for plot; all they demand is pretty faces and bright dresses, dialogue sprinkled with puns, and songs to the airs popular in the music-halls. Mr. Byron has not taken the trouble to tell a story, but has used the familiar characters, and brought them on in a series of scenes, each one amusing enough in itself but having little or no connection with each other. Thus, then, when we have said that Miss Farren is Captain Phœbus, that Miss Kate Vaughan is Esmeralda, that Mr. Terry is Claude Frollo, and Mr. Royce Quasimodo, that Miss Amalia acts pleasantly as Fleurs-de-Lys, and that Mdles. Wadman and Gilchrist are comely lieutenants of "Ours," anyone who has seen a Gaiety burlesque will know what goes on. The ladies sing and dance with grace and vivacity, and Messrs. Terry and Royce are grotesque in the extreme. The scene which provoked most laughter was that in which the two imitate street gymnasts, and the way in which Mr. Royce was suspended in the air and whirled round seemed to afford much gratification to the audience. The music was, as usual, selected and arranged by Herr Meyer Lutz, and was bright and tuneful, and the scenery was tasteful. There is hardly anything to distinguish *Pretty Esmeralda* from Mr. Byron's previous burlesques at this house, but it serves its purpose, and the author had to acknowledge the cheers of the audience at the conclusion.

Mr. Sothorn is going to play Lord Dundreary every night next week, except Friday. On Saturday there will be a morning performance of *David Garrick*.

The Hunchback is so successful at the Adelphi that it is to be continued until further notice.

On April 21st a new burlesque on *The Lady of Lyons* will be produced at the Aquarium, for which Miss Lydia Thompson has been specially engaged. Mr. Brough and Mr. Herbert Campbell will also appear in it.

Mr. Byron's new comedy for the Vaudeville, *The Girls*, is positively in rehearsal, and will be produced some time after Easter.

As we announced some time ago, *The Lady of Lyons* is to be the next revival at the Lyceum. It is promised for April 17. *The Corsican Brothers* is to follow in June.

Offenbach's *Madame Favart*, with a company under the direction of Mr. Henderson, will be given at the Strand for the first time on Easter eve.

This afternoon (Saturday) Miss Emily Soldene will appear at a Gaiety *matinée* in *Genevieve de Brabant*.

Mr. Wills's new play in five acts for the Haymarket will be produced on Easter Monday.

Miss Glyn continues her Shakspearian readings at Steinway Hall on Tuesday next, when *Antony and Cleopatra* is the play chosen.

The Royalty opens at Easter with a comedy which is to be called *Crutch and Toothpick*, and *The Zoo*. Mr. Wyndham is understood to be the responsible manager, and Mr. Edgar Bruce represents him.

In consequence of an attack of hoarseness, Mr. Irving was compelled to relinquish the part of Hamlet on Friday and Saturday last. His place was taken by Mr. Henry Forrester. Mr. Irving resumed the performance of the character on Monday evening.

Mr. Joseph Cave has announced the revival of Moncrieff's *Don Giovanni in London*, a famous "extravaganza" of the *Tom and Jerry* type, which on its first production, simultaneously at Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, took the town by storm, and was the great dramatic triumph of the year. Scene-painters and costumiers are actively at work, and the parts have been carefully cast. Miss Laura Sedgewick will personate the Don Giovanni, in which Madame Vestris made so great a hit; and the Leporello, in which the late Mr. Keeley achieved his first real success, will be undertaken by Mr. Edward Sidney. Authentic prints from the most picturesque parts of old London, and views of old sporting scenes, are just now in great request at the Victoria Theatre, where *Don Giovanni* will appear in all its original glory on the eve of Easter, April 12th.

At a fancy dress ball given at the Freemason's Tavern on Friday night, photographs of the dancers were very successfully taken by Messrs. Lombardi and Co.'s new Luxograph apparatus.

Cures of Coughs, Colds, Ticking in the Throat, and Bronchial Affections by Dr. LOCKER'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—"I have had 25 years' experience of their good effects." From Mr. Hayland, Chemist, 20, High Ousegate, York. Sold at 1s. 12d. and 2s. 9d. per box.—[Adv't.]

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. WILLIAMS.—Your solution of Problem 220 is correct. A. M. S. (Tadcaster).—We have complied with your request. J. S.—We have not yet fully examined the position. SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 223 by J. G. Juvénis, and D. L. A. (Harrogate), are correct. [ERRATA.—In line 10, of paragraph 6, in Mr. MacDonnell's letter, read—"then T must know," instead of "I must know." In last line of same paragraph omit the word "regions."]

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 218.

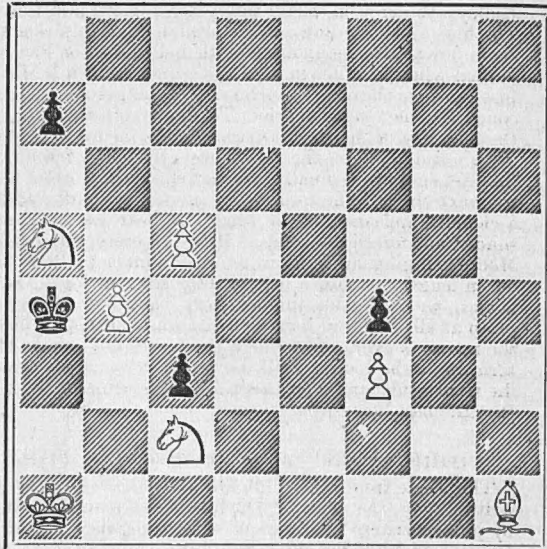
WHITE. BLACK.
1. K to Kt sq Kt to Q 7 (ch) (a)
2. Kt takes Kt P takes Kt
3. B to Kt 2 (mate). (a)
Kt to B 4
Any move.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 219.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q Kt 4 K to K 5 (a)
2. Kt to K B 4 (mate). (a)
B to Q B 6 (b)
2. Kt takes B (mate). (b)
Kt to K 6
2. Kt to K Kt 5 (mate).

PROBLEM No. 224.

By J. THURSBY.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

An interesting game played by Mrs. and Miss F. Down in consultation, against Mr. W. Potter:—

[Ruy Lopez Knight's game.]
WHITE. BLACK.
(The Allies.) (Mr. Potter.)
1. P to K 4 P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3 Kt to Q B 3
3. B to Kt 5 Kt to Q 5 (a)
4. Kt takes Kt P takes Kt
5. Castles (b) P to K R 4
6. P to Q 3 B to B 4
7. Kt to Q 2 (c) P to Q B 3
8. B to R 4 P to Q 3
9. P to K R 3 B to K 3
10. Kt to B 3 P to B 3
11. P to B 3 P takes P
12. P takes P Kt to K 2
13. P to Q 4 B to Kt 3
14. B to Kt 3 (d) B to Q 2
15. B to Kt 2 (e) Q to B 2
16. Q to Q 3 Castles Q R
17. P to Q R 4 P to R 4
18. P to B 4 P to Kt 4
19. Kt to R 2 P to Kt 5
20. P to K R 4 P to K B 4
21. P to K B 4 P takes K P
22. Q takes P Kt to B 4
23. Q to Q 3 Kt takes R P
24. K to R sq Kt to B 4
25. P to Q 5 P to R 5
26. Kt takes P Kt to Kt 6 (ch)
27. K to R 2 Kt takes R (ch)
28. R takes Kt B takes Kt
29. B takes R R takes B
30. Q to Kt 6 (f) Q to Q 2
31. P to K B 5 B to R 4
32. Q to Kt 5 B to Q sq
33. P to B 6 Q to Kt 5
34. Q takes Q B takes Q
35. B to B 2 R to B sq
36. R to B 4 B to R 4
37. R takes P B to K sq
38. B to B 5 (ch) K to Kt sq
White resigned.

(a) Of course, in a serious game Black would not make this weak move.
(b) P to Q 3 is best here. It avoids the attack which casting at this point provokes.
(c) P to Q B 3 would have developed their game more rapidly.
(d) P to Q 5 would have worried Black by preventing his King from getting, as speedily as he did, into safe quarters.
(e) This B would have been more serviceable at K 3.
(f) The allies play with great spirit, considering the superior army that is opposed to them, and the skilful general that is commanding it.

A VERY pretty game lately played at Simpson's Divan between Mr. ENSOR and the Rev. S. W. EARNshaw:—

[King's Gambit declined.]
WHITE. BLACK.
(Mr. S. ENSOR.) (Mr. EARNshaw.)
1. P to K 4 P to K 4
2. P to K B 4 P to Q 4
3. P takes Q P P to K 5
4. P to B 4 (a) P to Q B 3 (b)
5. Kt to Q B 3 Kt to K B 3
6. Q to K 2 P takes P
7. P takes P B to K Kt 5
8. Q to Kt 5 (ch) Q to Q 2
9. Q to B 4 B to K 2
10. P to K R 3 B to R 4
11. P to K Kt 4 Castles (c)
12. P takes B Kt to Q R 3
(a) Bad; Kt to Q B 3 is best.
(b) Perhaps it would be better to have played out the K B before moving P to Q 4.
(c) The sacrifice of the B was no doubt intentional, and by no means unsound.

(d) The end game is admirably played. The attack is conducted with great ingenuity, and the defence with adequate judgment.
(e) Q to B 5 might have enabled him to draw the game.

CHESS NEWS.

MR. BLACKBURN gave a blindfold *séance* on Tuesday evening, March 11th, at the Ladies' College Club, Little Queen-street, E.C., when he played six games simultaneously, and although suffering from a severe cold, he managed to win five games and draw one. Miss Down was his only unbeaten opponent, the vanquished being Mrs. Down, Miss N. Down, Mrs. Jameson, Miss Rhymor and Miss Burdon. The room was crowded with visitors, who exhibited great interest in the performance.

On Saturday, the 15th inst., the Annual Dinner of the Bermondsey Chess Club took place at the Horse Shoe, Blackman-street, when eighteen gentlemen partook of a good Old English dinner. The chair was occupied by Mr. T. Beardsell (the President), who proposed the various toasts briefly and effectively. Mr. MacDonnell responded for the "Press," and Mr. Potter for the honorary members. Songs, recitations, and an excellent performance on the American organ, by Mr. Duffield (organist of St. George's Church, Southwark), were the principal amusements of a very pleasant evening.

With profound regret we announce the death of Herr Andersen, which took place in his 61st year, at Breslau, on the 14th of March. In him we have lost a grand Chess player, and a most worthy man.

WORMS IN DOGS.—"Stonehenge," in his celebrated work on "The Dog," says:—"Worms are a fertile source of disease in the dog, destroying every year more puppies than distemper itself." While the *Field* says, concerning distemper:—"All treatment, to be successful, must be preceded by the expulsion of worms." Naldire's Powders remove these pests within one hour, at the same time giving tone to the stomach, and producing first-rate condition in dogs. One dose is sufficient, and dogs readily take it. Naldire's Powders are sold by all chemists, and by BARCLAY & SONS, 95, Farringdon-street, London.—[Adv't.]

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MISS WADMAN.

Our front page this week contains a portrait of Miss Wadman, of the Gaiety Theatre, whose sweet voice, improving method of vocalisation, and pleasant acting are rapidly making her a favourite with her audiences. Had Miss Wadman been earlier destined for a musical career, her natural qualifications would have enabled her to take high rank therein. We believe, however, that it was not until a comparatively recent date that she adopted the stage as a profession; but her intelligence and ready wit show her how to make up rapidly for lost time. In the new burlesque, *Pretty Esmeralda*, Miss Wadman has to content herself with the part of a lieutenant in the Guard, of which Phœbus (Miss Farren) is the Captain; but though this affords small opportunity for distinction, Miss Wadman unobtrusively contrives to make her presence agreeably felt. As the heroine of Mr. Peyton Wrey's "musical trifle," *A Pair of Them*, the young lady acts with considerable humour and appreciation of the characters sketched, and sings with meaning and intention, as well as with brightness and effect. For Miss Wadman there should be a future in store.

LIVERPOOL GRAND NATIONAL.

We think it will be generally admitted that Mr. Sturgess's spirited drawing of the Liverpool Grand National speaks in eloquent terms for itself. His sketch represents the first fence, and we presume that the three horses over safely are Bob Ridley—the grey on the far side—Rossamore and Lord Marcus. The horse just landing on its head is probably Concha, which came down after cannoning with Bellringer (or Bacchus?), the animal who has fallen in the right corner; and it is His Lordship just jumping the fence in such terribly dangerous proximity to the couple that have come to grief. The horse refusing is The Bear, but the majority of sporting reporters were incorrect in saying that Marsh did not get the horse over the first fence. This was finally negotiated—finally, being, indeed the correct term, as at the next obstacle the refusal was more persistent, and in spite of a violent application of the whip The Bear could neither be persuaded nor forced to jump. How Liberator won, Mr. Garret Moore bringing his horse in an easy winner by little short of a dozen lengths, is now a matter of sporting history. Some of the horses, we may add, jumped very badly, or rather would not jump at all. The rail here pictured was smashed to pieces before the race was over, and some of the fences not merely broken but torn up by the roots. Still, however, it was a good race among the front rank, and sportsmen have the consolation of knowing that the best horse won.

"GRETCHEN" AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This scene from Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *Gretchen*—an admirably written play, the merit of which has been scantily acknowledged by public writers—will be at once recognised by all who are familiar with the legend. Faust has called upon the Powers of Evil, Mephistopheles has replied, and has shown the reclusive vision of Gretchen. The characters of the immortal lovers are very thoughtfully and ably delineated by Miss Marion Terry and Mr. H. B. Conway, while Mr. Archer is the Mephistopheles.

LEFT TO FATE.—AN INCIDENT OF THE FLOODS IN HUNGARY.

Nothing could be more fruitful of touching suggestiveness than the original sketch, by an Hungarian artist, of an actual incident as he saw it, from which our engraving has been reproduced. Merely to fancy how loving hands placed the child on the couch they corded so firmly and with so many thoughtful precautions to the rudely-temperorised raft is to make the heart swell with tender feeling; and to let the fancy turn to the probable fate of those who thereby saved the life of their little one is inexpressibly touching.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN EGYPT.

At the best quail shooting cannot be called very exciting work, although, in default of better game, it affords a fair day's sport. They are particularly easy to kill, for, when flushed, in nine cases out of ten they will fly in a direct line straight away from the shooter, so that all he has to do is to cover his bird. Seldom, if ever, has such a thing as making allowance for pace, and firing so much in advance, to be resorted to: the greatest obstacle one is likely to encounter being the difficulty of flushing the little birds. They will run any distance, and in any direction, sooner than get up. And as often as not when you have by dint of stratagems managed to flush a bevy, before you can get your gun to the shoulder they will be down and all over the place. It is almost ludicrous to watch the consternation of a dog; the first time he is entered to quail, with the birds running all round him, he gets so completely bothered that he will sometimes lie down out of sheer vexation. In our illustration the artist has represented a day near the pyramids, and a pretty good day's sport it seems to be. Quail are plentiful in the "scrub" where from time to time they can dust themselves in the classic sand of the desert, and judging from the expression of the "Judas" who carries the bag, he has a tidy weight of game already, yet is still keen to add more to his burden. The sportsman on the left has missed his bird, and is watching with jaundiced eye the effect of the shot on the right of the line; while the gentleman in the centre is anxiously studying the spot where he saw the "brown backs" disappear, hoping every moment that they may rise and give him a chance. To English eyes the line would not seem well kept, and could such an event happen as a "hare back," the beaters in rear would fare but badly. Evidently they have not adopted the safest and best plan of procedure, and one which is largely in vogue in India—that is, to place men at either end of a long chain, or weighted rope, and make them drag it along the ground, the guns, with a beater between each, walking about a yard behind the chain. By this means the birds are forced to rise, or run forward, and to prevent them going too far ahead a net is run across the beat, about a hundred yards in front; or, if no net be procurable, a row of little nigger boys are placed, who are willing to act as "stops," and for some small coins to stand the chance of a peppering. In the background of our artist's picture rise the majestic pyramids, while in the middle distance may be seen a couple of bullocks and a camel, or, as he is called, "the ship of the desert." *Apropos* of quail and camels, a good story is told of an officer who, in his enthusiasm for the chase, unfortunately mistook one of these domestic and useful animals for *ferre nature*, and was nearly the death of it. The circumstances were as follows:—The regiment was on the line of march in India, and camped one morning near some low hills, famed for wild goats and quail. After the tents had been pitched and the duties of the day attended to, some of the officers sallied forth in quest of game. They soon made a bag of quail, and two of the party who had brought their rifles with them,

tired of the sport, so left to try their luck with the wild goats. Coming to the top of a hill, they espied what they thought was their quarry lying down under a rock about 800 yards off. They tossed up for the shot, and after a stalk of a quarter of an hour the winner looked carefully over the brow of a convenient boulder, adjusted his sight, and fired; but on arriving at the place where the "goat" had been was much astonished to find that he had shot one of the camp camels! Luckily not in a vital part. Let us hope the sportsmen in Egypt will not make the same mistake, for it would tax the energies of even the enthusiast with the bag to carry such game back to Cairo. Besides, the owner thereof might ask unpleasant questions, and consider it a favourable opportunity for raising the price of camels, and reverse the saying of "Spoiling the Egyptians."

AN IRISH OTTER HUNT.

Saint Patrick, when he banished from the green shores of Erin the "venomous varmint," did not include in his list the slippery fishy otter, for, according to most authorities—particularly among the disciples of old Isaac Walton—it is considered the worst vermin that lives. The Irish, as a race, are enthusiastically fond of sport, whether it be a wrestling match, a hurling match, a steeplechase, a fox or an otter hunt, such as the subject of our illustration. This class of hunt, most common among the peasantry, is not of course run with a pack of the real otter hounds, but every "boy" provides his own dog, and that too of any, or in some cases of no, known breed: spaniels, bulls, bull-terriers, setters, greyhounds, bedlingtons, and fox-terriers—not the little spick-and-span dandy of the dog show, but a firm strong-jawed dog with long legs, wiry hair, and generally of a sandy-red colour. This class of dog is in greatest favour, hunting either the badger or otter; but of course every one thinks his own dog best, except when the otter proves himself better than any. This sporting pastime is followed in many counties in Ireland, but in none with more zest than the wild and picturesque county of Wicklow, with its mountains, deep dark glens, and sweet spreading vales. No other county presents a finer or more diversified character of scenery. From the dark, towering heights of Lug, to the depths of the rocky shelved Devil's Glen, or the shades of "that dark lake whose gloomy shore skylark never warbled o'er," or surveying the matchless beauties immortalised by the poet Moore, when he sang of "the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet." Of all the rivers in the country, none offers a better shelter or a better bill of fare for the otter than the clear, winding Slaney, "which flows down to Wexford and then to the sea." Those who wish to leave the beaten track could not do better than take a run through the varied beauties to be found in this county, within fifty miles of Dublin city. As an inducement to those who like to keep up the customs of the good old times, the journey can be made to the heart of the county by the real stage-coach, one of the olden time, and one of the last running in the country, if not the only one carrying the Royal mails, far from the scream and steam of the railway train. But I am rambling from my hunt. Once on the scene of action, I hear on all sides the hum of voices and barking of dogs. Two "boys" pass, and with a loud, musical voice the taller of the two in a bang-up and straw-hat, followed by a bull-terrier, interrogates his younger and smaller companion with, "Who's all comin', Jim?" Jim replies with breathless excitement, "There's Frank Kelly and Miles Cullen, Johnny Duff, Luke Balfie an' his brindled bull, an' ould Mr. Dunn, an' Jim Rooney's to be there an' his two terriers, two or three mountainy men, an' ever so many more, for we expect good luck, as ould Matt. Cavanagh saw a pair of 'whistlers' over beyant the falls when he was comin' from th' fair o' Monday."

The scene is picturesque and animated; different casts of the peasant type, from fifteen to sixty, with their dogs and hay-forks, both considered necessary in the hunt. They soon start, following the stream for about a mile without success. Suddenly the "music" begins. Voices ring out, "He's found!" There is a general rush and a scramble. Soon the whole company are in full cry. The foremost dogs are quickly in the water, the otter has left the land, he makes for a rooty bank, the dogs lose him, he is found again, then lost and found again. This continues for a good hour. He is run to a shallow at last, where Jim Rooney's "Pincher" has him. The others are soon up, and the "poacher" bites and hanches with such effect that three dogs soon lie howling on the shingle; but Frank Kelly puts him from doing much harm by pinning him to the strand with his fork. He turns and twists, and bites the steel "toes" of the fork as if he would snap them through. A timely blow puts him out of pain; he is soon swinging from a stick, and carried shoulder high home to the village, to the admiration of young and old, especially of old Mr. Dempsey, who bespeaks his skin to make him a "velvet wais' coat." W. A. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS).

FOXES IN TREES.

SIR,—I have read with considerable amusement the article in your paper on "Foxes in Trees," and must express my opinion that the writer of it has been the victim of a joke. If he had further gone on to say that the hounds followed the foxes and the huntsmen rode up the tree after the hounds, I should better have entered into the fun of his fable. Pigs might fly, it has been said, but they are very unlikely birds, and the same thing might be said of foxes. Why should the fox go up a tree? What is there that he can want to find? True, he would eat little birds if he could catch them, but I do not fancy little birds would wait about the branches to give him the chance. I have very often followed the hounds. Never did I see such a spectacle as a fox up a tree, however, nor do I ever expect to do so. "Rapier" has been taken in by some waggish friend, and I am surprised that the author of those "Sketches in the Hunting Field," who seems to know his subject well, should have been "sold" so easily. Such a story I should only have expected to see in the pages of

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

SIR,—Though I cannot claim to be a fox-hunter, and may therefore, perhaps, be considered presumptuous in writing, I must add my testimony—little as it may be worth—to the statement of your contributor "Rapier," to the effect that foxes are often found in trees, and would, I think, be found there very much more frequently if people took the trouble to search for them. I am a great lover of the country and student of country life. I know well the counties of Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, and Hampshire, and have on several occasions seen foxes high up amongst the branches of the trees in the woods of these counties, both in winter and summer. The fact you record was so well known to me that I wondered you should have thought it worth mentioning, nor should I have troubled you with the letter on the subject but that a discussion arose in a house where I was dining last evening, and a gentleman who habitually follows the hounds protested that your anecdotes were absurd. I took up the cudgels

on behalf of what I knew, and was fortunate in finding supporters at the table but in case there should exist any incredulity in other quarters, I scribble you these few lines. I may add that in the thatched roof of an outbuilding in a field on my property a fox has made its bed—I fear this is not the technical term, but I have already confessed that I am not a sportsman. I have seen the place, and some of my men have on more than one occasion noticed the animal descend. I enclose you my card, though I would rather that my name should not appear in print, and will only sign myself—a signature which will I hope hold good for years to come—Yours truly,

A CONSTANT READER.

CAB-DRIVERS.

SIR,—In an article published in your issue of the 15th March, RAPIER calls attention to "the cruelty with which too many hansom-cab men drive." You will perhaps allow me to suggest to those persons who are desirous of promoting the more humane driving of cab-horses, that this object would be forwarded if, when engaging a cab, they would tell the driver that they do not wish the horse to be driven quickly. It would be, I think, in only a very few cases that this request would be disregarded by the driver.—I am, &c.

X. Y. Z.

London, 19th March, 1879.

[Sometimes, however, the hirer does wish to be driven quickly. It was against the cruel and totally unnecessary use of the whip that RAPIER protested. We heartily wish that hirers would make an endeavour to check this, for the sake of humanity. —Ed. I. S. & D. N.]

ATHLETICS, AQUATICS, CRICKET, &c.

PLENTY of steeplechasing took place in the metropolitan district last Saturday, three prize competitions being decided. First and foremost, the Clapton Beagles ran a handicap over their short course distance (about three miles) for a silver and bronze medal presented by J. E. Dixon, the well-known long-distance amateur walker. Nine started, viz., A. S. Liddal, scratch; G. Pescod, 15secs start; J. Loe, 25secs; J. E. Walters, 35secs; E. C. Atkins, 65secs; R. O. Amlot, 65secs; C. A. Jenkins, 80secs; W. Blenkin, 95secs; W. L. Amlot, 95secs; the winner turning up in Atkins, R. O. Amlot being second, Blenkin third, Pescod fourth, Loe fifth, and Liddal sixth.

Most of the cross-country runners, however, journeyed to the Bell Inn at East Moulsey, to either take part in or witness a four miles and a half open steeplechase handicap, promoted by the Hampton Court Hare and Hounds. No fewer than thirty-one runners faced the starter: C. Coombes, H.C.H.H., 5 min start, winning by thirty-five yards from F. Firninger, Blackheath Harriers, 2min; J. J. Archer, Spartans, 1min 30secs, third; S. Hirst, Blackheath Harriers, 1min, fourth; W. Warren, 3min 25secs, fifth; E. J. Heasman, Blackheath Harriers, sixth; and F. Warren, H.C.H.H., 5min 30secs, seventh.

Only six turned out for the ten miles steeplechase of the Vampires F.C., a new club emanating from Chelsea, not one of whom I know. C. Lockyer won, followed home by A. Rice, H. Carlstrom, A. C. Rushton, T. Crowther, and W. Garrett.

A deal of inkling, as the Yankees describe it, has taken place over the forthcoming Amateur A.C. championships, and Mr. Hazen-Wood has rushed into print to inform the public that he will not compete. Were some of his early performances up North to be analysed I fancy his claim to the title of amateur would be somewhat weak.

On Thursday, a billiard tournament will be commenced at the Aquarium, under the management of George Collins. Jos. Bennett, scratch; T. Taylor, scratch; F. Bennett, 50 points; G. Collins, 50; G. Hunt, 85; J. Lloyd, 120; D. Richards, 100; and A. Hughes, 130.

The river at Putney was very busy on Saturday. The Elvington, Ino, Argonaut, and West London were all out on show, opening their respective seasons, but no racing took place.

Oxford and Cambridge Racquet matches are being decided this week, but as my notes go to press unusually early, I am unable to give any report of the proceedings.

Great diversity of opinion prevails over the Inter-University Boat-race, but as I have only Monday and Tuesday's work to criticise, I cannot add anything more to my remarks of last week. I fancy the Oxonians much, as I think they will be better fitted to row on Saturday than the Cantabs, who, as I write, are quite ready to row on Wednesday.*

The irrepressible W. Gale, of Cardiff, has commenced another of his marvellous long distance walks. This time he intends walking 2,500 miles in 1,000 hours, not performing on Sunday, covering 1,100 yards in every consecutive quarter of an hour. I am officiating as one of the judges, and can vouch for the correctness of the performance. He is now walking at Nottingham.

Thursday Wanderers Club gave Healey a rare thrashing for the final possession of the Sheffield Association Challenge Cup last Saturday, winning by three goals to one.

Notts Forest playing a weak team were overmatched on Saturday when they visited the Spital (Chesterfield) Club, the local team winning by two goals to one.

Next Saturday at Kennington Oval the annual England v. Scotland match will be played, when the followers of the Rose will be R. H. Birkett, Clapham Rovers; E. Christian, Old Etonians; H. Morse, Nottingham; N.C. Bailey and J. F. Prinsep, Clapham Rovers; H. Wace, Wanderers; F. J. Sparks, Herts Rangers; E. C. Bambridge, Swifts; W. H. Mosforth, Sheffield; A. C. Goodyer, Nottingham Forest, and A. F. Hills, Oxford University.

Clapham Rovers after a grand game were beaten by Old Etonians at the Oval last Saturday, for the final tie of the Association Cup. Only one goal was obtained.

EXON.

LORD FITZARDINGE's annual sale of pedigree stock, at Berkeley Castle, attracted a large number of breeders, and very high prices were obtained for all the animals. Mr. J. A. Rolfs, of Monmouth, gave 770 guineas for a heifer calved March 1, 1877; and Mr. Angus, of Australia, who purchased several lots, gave 400 guineas for a heifer calved April 7, 1877. Several other cows and heifers brought from 200 to 300 guineas each. 26 cows and heifers realising £4,302 18s. Mr. John Thornton, of London, was the auctioneer.

THE HORSE.—HOW TO MAKE THRIVE.—"All sorts of evils," said Dr. Abernethy, "come out of the stomach; bad eyes, blotched noses, and gouty toes." So we say of the numerous ills that overtake the horse, the stomach is at fault; but bring the horse under the influence of these soothing, renovating, and strengthening medicaments, DAY, SOX, & HEWITT'S "Red Paste Balls," or "Red Condition Powders," in ill-condition, husky cough, sore eyes, loss of appetite, staring coat, swollen legs and joints or whatever else the ailment, it must vanish, and give place to sound digestion, firm muscle, long-enduring powers, and high mettle. 22, Dorset-street, Baker-street, London, W.—[ADVT.]

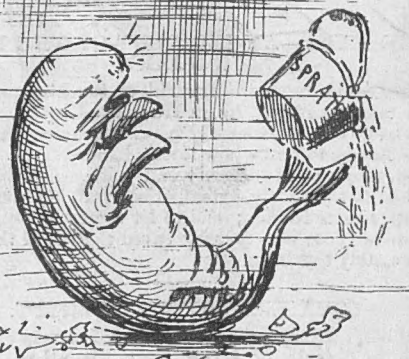
* We know "Exon" to be a capital judge, but venture to differ from him on this occasion, and expect to see Cambridge win easily.—Ed. I. S. & D. N.



Humours
of the
past month
march
1879

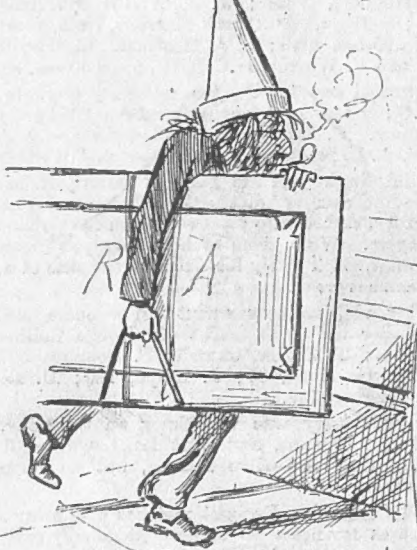


Commencement of the
Racing Season



The Mermaid Kicks the
Bucket at the Aquarium.

"Spring! Spring! beautiful Spring!"



Last day for sending in
to the Academy - APRIL 1st (!)



St Patrick gives his consent



Hunting in full cry this month



March comes in like a Lion
and goes out like a Lamb - only
the Lamb gets the worst of it this time
Dretch
March
1879

THE AMATEURS.

Amateurs are requested to send early notice of any performance they desire announced or reviewed; in the latter case enclosing a programme and two tickets. Advertisements must be forwarded to the Publisher by first post on Thursday mornings to insure insertion in the current week's issue.

THE BIRKBECK ELOCUTION CLASS.—For the second night in succession I have had my trouble in vain. On arriving at the Birkbeck Institution within a few minutes after the time fixed for the commencement of the performance I found that either through gross mismanagement or utter want of care, more reserved tickets than there were seats had been issued, and in consequence some twenty or thirty people were compelled to stand in the side gangway, whence it was impossible to get a view of the stage. Not feeling called upon to wait for the chance of being able to push forward through the crowd, I left at once, and am therefore unable to furnish any report.

CAMDEN PARK DRAMATIC SOCIETY gave their second varied entertainment on Tuesday, the 18th ult., but as the tickets only arrived on that day, I was unable to make arrangements to be present.

THE "ROS-CIUS" DRAMATIC CLUB gave a performance at Ladbrooke Hall on the 20th ult. It was a quarter of an hour after time when the curtain rose on *Who is Who?* The most prominent character in the farce was the prompter; not only was he audible, but at times visible—I am sorry I cannot give his name. Mr. Edwin F. Marshall made a fair Swanhopper, and Mr. Compton a passable Lavender. Mr. Conyers Norton's make-up was far better than his memory or his acting. The part of Cicely was utterly murdered by Miss Wilford; hers was, indeed, a sorry performance. Miss Lena Young was a capital Matilda Jane, and certainly seemed to have more idea of what was required of her than any of the others. The farce was dreary in the extreme; there was no rattle or dash about it. *The Little Treasure* followed, and proved a happy contrast to the former piece. Mr. Percy F. Marshall, in the somewhat difficult part of Sir Charles Howard, did fairly well; his make-up, however, was not good—it was far too young-looking. I was much pleased with Mr. Chadwick's Maydenblush; he looked and played the part capitally, and the care and study he had evidently expended were not thrown away. It would, perhaps, have been better if he had not been quite so fidgety. Mr. Frith's portrait of Fluttermore, a man about town, was also very good; the introduction of crutch and toothpick was a happy thought. Miss Vardeux played effectively as Lady Howard. I cannot praise too highly the Gertrude of Miss Augusta Wilton; from the first she had her audience with her, and to her, in a great measure, the success of the piece must be attributed. Miss Lena Young was not made up old enough for Mrs. Meddleton, neither was her dress appropriate, otherwise she was good. Miss Wilford was no better as Jane than as Cicely. Servants on announcing visitors do not place their hands in the pockets of their aprons. Thomas found a representative in Mr. Palmer. The musical arrangements, under Mr. Frank Braine, were good.

THE CANADIAN MINSTRELS (employés of Messrs. Jas. Shooll-

bred and Co.) gave a performance at St. George's Hall, on Saturday, the 22nd. ult., to a most enthusiastic audience, in aid of the Alexandra Orphanage, Hornsey Rise. The first part consisted of songs, among which I may mention the following as being the best, "Close the Shutters, Willie's dead," Mr. C. E. Wilson; "Brown," Mr. J. A. Stewart; "Lady Bird," Mr. J. S. Wilshire; and "The Bold Recruit," written and sung by Mr. J. A. Stewart. The Canadians' Railway Trip provoked much laughter, and brought the first part to a close. In part the second, a cornet solo was capably played by Mr. Grieves, and a bone solo by Mr. J. Stewart was decidedly clever, if not very harmonious. The medley duet entitled "Flirtation," in which Messrs. Martin and Wilshire took part, I cannot speak very highly of, and the burlesque sketch *The Maniac* was slightly vulgar. Mr. F. Blake deserves great praise for his euphonium

the former showed himself able to sustain a trying part with genuine ability, while Mr. J. C. Bates' portrayal of the cunning attorney, who, in trying to overreach others, overreaches himself, was marked by an amount of humour not often seen in an amateur. Mr. Frank Johnson's Major Blackshaw was generally meritorious, the cool air of the adventurer being particularly well assumed. Mr. Thos. H. Roe gave a natural and effective rendering of the part of Joe Barlow, and Mr. C. E. Searle an intelligent, though scarcely sufficiently pronounced, one of that of Gerald Goodwin. Mr. E. S. Salaman's Pyefinch was as good as that gentleman's impersonations always are, and Mr. J. H. Markham Rae as Sir Rumsey Waters and Mr. Walter Searle as Charker were both equal to the requirements of their parts. Miss Madge Johnstone made a lively Mrs. Barlow, and Miss Pattie Nathan a rather colourless, but otherwise unobjectionable, Alice Barlow. In the farce which followed, Mr. Walter C. Searle's lively and humorous delineation of Hugh de Brass was the great feature, though the other parts were done creditably enough. Mr. Edward Ram played excellently the unobtrusive but useful part of prompter.

THE ATHENÆUM, Camden-road, I thought was a very far distant spot to travel to in order to witness an amateur performance given on the 25th and 26th ult., in aid of the funds of the institution, and yet on leaving the hall I was far from considering my journey a labour in vain, for it is seldom I have the fortune to witness such a good performance by amateurs as that I was present at on the second evening. But in the general excellence I must not lose sight of some faults, and to begin with, the amateur band, under Mr. C. H. Dickinson would have been better had they paid more attention to the leader's bow. The entertainment commenced punctually to a minute, with *Chisel-ling*, in which Mr. Halley made a fair Larkspur; at first he was rather awkward with his hands, probably through nervousness, but this soon wore off. Mr. Sydney Swainson kept the audience in roars of laughter as the animated statue of Alexander the Great, and his by-play was capital. Mr. W. Hickson's make-up as Dr. Stonecrop was hardly as good as it might have been; otherwise he was all that could be wished. Miss De Solla (Kate) was very indistinct; it was difficult to hear what she said, and the part suffered in consequence. Miss Hodson played Mrs. Piper, the landlady, to the life. The farce



SCENE FROM "GRETCHEN," AT THE OLYMPIC.

solo. "The Grand Review of General Stewart's Reserve Forces" created much merriment. Tambourine, Mr. A. H. Hatchman, and Bones, Mr. J. A. Stewart, merit a word of praise. Owing to the number of encores the performance was not over until a late hour.

Two interesting dramatic performances were given at the Norwood Institute, on the 21st and 22nd ult., in aid of the Hospital Saturday Fund. The pieces chosen were Mr. H. J. Byron's comedy, *A Hundred Thousand Pounds*, and the farce, *A Regular Fir*, and they were represented by a company of amateurs who, though not forming a dramatic club, have often performed together in private houses in the neighbourhood. All the impersonations were creditable, some showing, indeed, remarkable merit. First in the latter category must be placed the Pennythorne of Mr. H. L. Bates and the Fluker of Mr. J. C. Bates. As the vulgar and grasping livery-stable keeper

went as farces ought to go, with plenty of life and dash. Before the curtain rose on *Stolen Kisses*, Mr. Cunningham V. Bridgman came forward and recited a pithy prologue written for the occasion (if I am not deceived) by the gentleman himself. A word of praise is also due to him for the admirable manner in which he performed the duties of stage manager. Mr. Harry Halley's acting as Viscount Trangmar was better than his make-up; his wig did not suit him. Mr. George F. Swainson played easily and naturally as Felix Freemantle, his scenes with Cherry in the first act, and Jennie in the third, being particularly good, but when a heavy call was made on him he was scarcely equal to it. I must sincerely compliment Mr. John Heaton on his picture of the hard-hearted, worldly-minded Walter Temple, till the last act; it is a thankless and disagreeable part to play, and Mr. Heaton made it properly repulsive. Of course the great weight of the piece

lay upon the shoulders of Mr. Philip H. Waterlow as Tom Spirit, but he proved himself thoroughly equal to the task he had undertaken; his last scene with his brother was most powerfully played, and brought tears to the eyes of many of the audience. From first to last it was a good sound piece of character acting. The small part of Fred Gay was well-filled by Mr. A. Hickson; Miss L. Renton played very prettily as Cherry Spirit; her lighter scenes were the best; she hardly seemed to have power enough for the more arduous tasks required of her. Her sister, Miss D. Renton, also deserves great praise for her Jennie Temple; the scene between these two ladies in the second act was well conceived and executed. I must not omit to mention the handsome way in which the part of Jenny was dressed. As Mrs. Jawkins, Miss Hodson again had a part after her own heart, and well she filled it. Considering the small size of the stage, the scenery was capitally arranged, and the waits were by no means long. The audience was a large and discriminating one.

THE CARITAS AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB will give a performance in aid of the Prize Fund of the London Artillery Brigade, on Saturday (this day), at the Royalty Theatre, on which occasion will be performed the farce *Chiselling*, followed by Mr. Boucicault's celebrated comedy, *London Assurance*.

THE OCCIDENTAL DRAMATIC CLUB gave a performance on the 27th ult. at the King's Cross Theatre. The programme consisted of the farce *The Spectre Bridegroom* and *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*; but until the Club possesses a stage-manager who is up to his work, and the members have gained some slight idea of the rudiments of acting, are able to speak the Queen's English correctly, and treat the letter H with rather more respect, it will be kindest to pass its performances over in silence.

WESTBOURNE HALL.—An amateur concert was given at this hall on the 27th ult. in aid of the distressed poor of a Marylebone mission, but the audience was not as large as could have been wished, and was, moreover, being doubtless affected by the weather, very cold and undemonstrative. The principal performers were Mrs. Henry Rutter, Miss Terry, Miss Mina Quartermaine, Messrs. Tietkens, Peel Hewitt, Charles Haigh, and Dr. T. L. Phipson. The two quartetts, "Un di si ben" and "Mezza notte," were both well sung, the first-named gaining an encore. Miss Mina Quartermaine was successful in her pianoforte solos, but by far the greatest meed of praise was earned by Dr. Phipson's fine violin playing in the scena from *Le Violin du Diable*. A duet from M. Gounod's *Polyeucte*, was announced as being given for the first time in London, and was also specially marked on my programme. Its execution certainly did not call for any special comment.

THE WIDE-AWAKES.—This club, which I understand is but just formed, gave their first performance on the 29th ult. at St. George's Hall. For a first performance it was decidedly good. Of course there were many faults; but, as a rule, they were of that class which will be overcome by greater experience and knowledge of the stage. In *Mary's Secret* Mr. G. Reay was overweighted as George Adams. His drunkenness was too demonstrative, and, like many amateurs, his hands caused him trouble. Mr. Scott Breeze was terribly jerky; it seemed an utter impossibility with him to stand still. Mr. O. Barton was a good Mr. Briggs; his make-up, too, deserves commendation. As the quick-tempered but good-hearted Ruth, Miss Isa Greenwood was capital. She looked the part as well as she played it. Miss Minnie Fencott, as Mary, might have displayed more depth of feeling with advantage. The piece required more rehearsing, for the prompter's task was no sinecure. *Partners for Life* formed the second item in the bill. I must again complain of Mr. Scott Breeze's jerky manner as Horace Mervyn, and his make-up was far too young. Mr. A. H. Frazer (Tom Gilroy) suffered from partial loss of voice. His wig did not suit him, and he might have thrown more life and brightness into the part. Mr. G. Reay was admirably made up as Muggles, but he utterly ruined the part by his gross exaggeration. Had he trusted more to his "lines" and less to himself it would have been better. Mr. O. Barton was Drelincourt, and Mr. Heylington looked well as Major Billiter. Ernest found a good representative in Mr. Grinley. Mr. Ough made up with good effect as Coppinger, Miss Marie Macro played very prettily as Emily, and Miss Pentreath was equally good as Fanny Smith. Both these ladies show much promise. Miss Jolie was far too young a Priscilla, and failed to make the most of her part. The waits during the evening were terribly long, one being twenty-five minutes. I shall hope to see the Wide-awakes again.

THE HIGHLAND STROLLERS gave a performance at the Aquarium Theatre on the 31st ult., in aid of the funds of the Royal National Hospital for Consumption at Ventnor. Great pains had evidently been bestowed on the rehearsals, and with an excellent result. In *Meg's Diversion* Mr. Maclaine's make-up as Crow was hardly a success. He, however, filled the part capably. Mr. Conyers d'Arcy deserves great praise for his Ashley Merton; the character was thoroughly well portrayed. Mr. Fourdrinier quite won the hearts of his audience as Jasper, and was even better in the second act than in the first. I have again to praise Mr. Stephens, this time for the easy and natural way in which he played the part of Rowland Pidgeon. His scene in the last act with Ashley Merton was funny in the extreme. Mr. Emberson was capitally made up as Eytem, but he must guard against an inclination to exaggerate. Miss Bland, as the Widow Mrs. Netwell, provoked a good deal of merriment. To Miss Conyers d'Arcy was allotted the part of Meg, and her performance proved the wisdom of the selection. It was a careful and painstaking piece of acting. I liked her in the second act far better than in the first, where she hardly displayed her love of mischief and fun sufficiently, but in the second, when the deeper emotions are called into being, the lady's power asserted itself, and the applause so liberally bestowed showed how her efforts were appreciated. *Sweethearts* followed, and was most charmingly played by all concerned in it. Mr. A. Schwabe's Wilcox was a clever piece of character acting; his make-up, too, was excellent. When I say that Miss Measom as Jennie reminded me very forcibly of Miss Marie Wilton, I have said a great deal in the former lady's praise, but not one word more than she honestly deserved, for a more graceful and conscientious piece of acting it has seldom been my fortune to witness—assuredly not amongst amateurs. Mr. E. Byrom looked and played remarkably well as Harry Spreadbrow, and is quite as much entitled to commendation as Miss Measom. Miss Collins took the small part of Ruth, the maid.

TOM STYLUS.

SIGNOR VERGARA'S ITALIAN OPERA RECITALS.—The second of the three "Recitals," announced by Signor Vergara took place on Saturday evening last, at Steinway Hall, the opera being *Rigoletto*, cast as follows:—Il Duca di Mantua, Sig. Salviani; Rigoletto, Sig. Vergara; Sparafucile, Mr. W. Fletcher; Madalena, Mdle. Krauss; La Contessa di Ceperano, Miss S. Geater; Il Conte di Monterone, Mr. F. Bessell; Marullo, Mr. C. Lesage; Borsa, Mr. E. Langworth; Il Conte di Ceperano, Mr. J. Synde; Giovanna, Miss S. Geater; and Gilda, Mdle. Ida Negrini. The attempt was an ambitious one, seeing that, with the exception of two of the singers, Signor Vergara and Mdle. Negrini,

the company consisted of amateurs. Signor Salviani, as the Duke, lacked power, but sung in time and tune, and was specially successful in "La donna è Mobile." Mdle. Negrini was much overweighted, and in considerable doubt as to the key in which she should sing; she has a good voice, but should avoid music beyond its compass, as screaming is not singing; in a part within her means this lady would be very acceptable. Signor Vergara, as Rigoletto, sang with fervour and dramatic power; his voice is rather light, but in such a moderate sized hall as the Steinway, that was scarcely against him. The minor parts were fairly filled, the gentlemen decidedly having the advantage. The chorus was weak, and the time weaker. Signor Mazzoni conducted, and Mr. Ganz presided with his usual ability at the pianoforte. The audience was large and enthusiastic.

WINTER COACHING.

IN spite of its unusual severity and duration, and notwithstanding the almost unexampled commercial depression of the period, the winter of 1878-9 will mark an era in the annals of coaching, and be remembered in after times as the year in which winter coaching first fairly established itself as an institution. As our readers are well aware, there have before this occasionally been winter coaches, e.g., the Beckenham, the Brighton, the Crystal Palace, and a former St. Albans. Somehow or other—probably for the reason that they were in advance of their time—they did not fix themselves in the sporting system of that much sneered at but still very sporting person, the Londoner. Fortunately, however, it occurred last autumn to two well known and liked professional coachmen, Fownes and Selby, that a winter coach would meet a public want, the existence of which their own shrewdness and manifold opportunities of judging made them aware of. They accordingly took counsel with Sir Henry de Bathe and Major H. Dixon, who soon settled preliminaries, and Captain Carleton Blythe and Mr. Harry Wormald (a rare old coaching name) lending their valuable aid, the idea was carried out without delay, and the St. Albans coach started on the 4th of November, 1878, since which date it has not missed a day, nor had an accident except the slipping up of a leader in Piccadilly caused by a handsome cab driver. Why, by the way, is the "showful" cabbie such a determined, and not seldom insolent, enemy of coaches and coachmen, while his brother, the omnibus driver, is almost invariably their civil and obliging friend? Is it because cabbie, like the "cad on casters," is devoured by the *vilain vice* of envy, and cannot endure the grievance that another man should drive four horses while he only drives one? or is it entirely attributable to the fact that the Coaching Club gave £50 to the cabmen's fund, and offered the same amount to the omnibus drivers, who, unfortunately, as they have no fund, were unable to accept it?

The distance to St. Albans is 21½ miles, but going out by Regent-street makes it longer, and twenty horses on an average have been kept to do the work: Seven on the first stage of 7½ miles (from the White Horse Cellar to Finchley), the same horses working in and out; five on the middle stage, of six miles, from Finchley to South Mimms, the same horses working in and out; and eight for the last stage of eight miles from South Mimms to St. Albans—one team in and the other back.

The horses that have been running all through the winter still look fresh and well, which speaks volumes for the management, as the roads were sometimes so heavy from snow that five horses—an extra leader with a boy on him—had to be used. Indeed, on one memorable Saturday, when the snow was at its thickest, and the road at its worst, odds were freely offered in St. Albans that the "Old Times" would not arrive at all, but, for all that, it drove up to the "George" only ten minutes behind time, and "the Major," accompanied by the ever sprightly and undaunted Selby and a solitary passenger, did the return journey to Hatchett's in two minutes under his time.

No better road could have been chosen than that to St. Albans, for its constantly recurring and very gentle undulations are all that a coachman can desire, and the varied scenery through which it passes is always pretty, and here and there something more. St. Albans itself, too, is full of interesting historical associations and antiquarian remains, more so (says Mr. Thorne in his Handbook to the Environs of London) than any place within a like distance of Town; and a few hours in its glorious abbey give as good a notion of the history of the English ecclesiastical architecture as is to be derived from the study of many a pretentious tome. The horses have been purchased with good judgment and (for what can be done without it?) luck, and some of them will well repay inspection; to wit, a chestnut and a bay leader on the London stage, a brown mare on the middle, and a marvellously clever roan horse—as deep as a well and as strong as a house—on the St. Albans stage. We have said a good deal about the "Old Times" and its belongings, because it will run all this year (and we hope many another too) from "the Cellars" by the Langham Hotel, to Regent's Park, "The Wood," Finchley, Barnet, South Mimms, where a colony of Goths has "restored" what was a very picturesque church of flint and stone, and London Colney. It was on this road that the "Dunstable Times," in the hands of Sam Collis, used regularly and without fail to do the eighteen miles into London in an hour and a half, as that veteran and by no means reticent Jehu still delights to testify.

The good example set by the St. Albans in November was not lost on Captain Hargreaves, known to fame as the spirited proprietor of the Portsmouth, for he, Captain Stovell (who has learnt his coaching under the most favourable auspices), and Mr. Secker began to run the "Independent," with Harry Cracknell as professional, to Uxbridge on the 20th of January. The journey of sixteen miles had, from the difficulty of obtaining stabling accommodation at Ealing, to be somewhat unequally divided, the first stage (to Hanwell) being nine miles, the other (to Uxbridge) but seven. For the purposes of this undertaking nine horses were kept for the London stage, and five for the country one.

The road lies through Kensington, Shepherd's Bush, Acton, Ealing, Hanwell, Southall, Hayes, and Hillingdon, and but for the tramway at Shepherd's Bush (which, like all other tramways, is a fearful nuisance) is not at all a bad coaching one, though in other respects it leaves much to be desired, as it runs through what is virtually London for an unconscionable time, and when it gets into the country, shows the traveller but little in the way of scenery, except, perhaps, between Hayes and Uxbridge, where there is a pretty view of Hillingdon Church.

The "Independent" itself was admirably well appointed, and its horses, particularly on the London stage, clever and useful; we were much struck by a charming black leader, whose privilege it is to appear in that rôle on the first stage out of town at the début of any coach in which Captain Hargreaves has a share.

The "Independent" was taken off on the 20th last month, and will not be put on again this year; but Captain Carleton Blythe's Oxford and Cambridge coach will pass through Uxbridge every day during the season, and for those who are anxious to see something of the more out-of-the-way parts of Buckinghamshire there is the old two-horse coach to Wendover and Amersham.

TURFIANA.

WE may soon expect to hear of some real business being done in connection with the Two Thousand Guineas, a very open race indeed, to our thinking, and one for which a good many moderate horses might cut in with a chance of success. Consequently we ought to see a good field muster at the Rowley Mile starting post on the last day of April, and, doubtless, the market will not settle down until after the Craven Meeting at head-quarters, which generally makes or mars the reputation of a few candidates for honours at the First Spring gathering. The Craven Biennial, however, seems so entirely at the mercy of one of Lord Falmouth's fillies, that the usual interest centred in that race will be wanting on the present occasion, though many owners may feel inclined to know the worst at once by means of a good public trial, "free gratis for nothing," with Wheel of Fortune or Leap Year. Excepting that Lancastrian may be looked upon as a certain starter, we see no reason for his elevation to the rank of first favourite, though it was admitted on all hands that Mr. Crawford's colt was one of the improving sort. Therefore we would rather be against him than on him at the present price, and we shall have none of Cadogan for the reason that he made so bad a finish to a beginning full of bright promise, and we cannot believe that such good judges as Lord Freddy and his trainer would have run him at Goodwood (after the Ascot fiasco) if there was really anything seriously amiss with him. Cadogan is a nice "gentlemanly" customer, but he may turn out one of "handbox" sort, and we can fancy him winning a Steward's Cup at Goodwood, with a nice weight, rather than holding his own with the best of his year. Ruperra trained off in a similar fashion to Cadogan, and what with Gunnersbury still a maiden, and Marshal Scott an uncertain starter, we can see nothing so tempting as Discord at his present price, and he, at least, has the credit of having performed more consistently than most of his opponents.

Never do we recollect so little doing on the City and Suburban within so short a time of the decision of the race, and only a very few horses have been mentioned either in home or "Continental" quotations. The Lincoln Handicap has failed to reveal any "blots" in the "table of weights" for Epsom, but Russell will, of course, receive solid public support again, a good deal of the Touchet winnings having gone into the pockets of small speculators. Knight of Burghley must have a fair chance, *malgre* his penalty, on the Liverpool Spring Cup running, though they will doubtless get his measure in Berkshire through Sans Pareil, who only just "did" him in the Union Jack Stakes, with seven pounds up his sleeve. Elf King has been among the few animals supported in open market, and despite the fact that Mr. Crawford has several other candidates by no means unfavourably handicapped, we shall certainly keep his Elfin Majesty on our side, and it is not a little significant that his dam has again visited Joskin this year. Fontainebleau is certain to find many friends, but he has been a disappointing horse on this side of the channel, and we vastly prefer his fellow-countryman Clocher, a very likely gentleman to credit his owner with the chief race at Epsom Spring Meeting, being cut out for the course, and a sound, hardy animal, who may be relied upon to do his best. Of the Newmarket horses we hear that one of Captain Machell's lot will come with a rattle before the day, but more deponent sayeth not, and they may safely be left alone for the present. The same may be said of those under Robert Peck's charge, and those who are for getting on early are not unlikely to burn their fingers. Our present fancy is for Clocher and Elf King, but we may see good reason to modify this opinion before the day, when the betting has assumed a more genuine aspect.

A good start was made at Liverpool, where both weather and company were better than at Lincoln, and again luck was on the side of backers, who stood Billy M'Daniel for the National Hunters' Stakes, and were rewarded by seeing him polish off Crambo very handsomely; while Wanderer simply cantered away from Quakeress and The Trapper in the Payne Plate. Lord Rosebery's Lincoln luck still stuck to him in the Molyneux Stakes, where Illuminata cleverly disposed of Belfry and Secret, the favourite, King's County, cutting up very indifferently, and it will be noted that the winner is similarly bred to Chevron, and Rosicrucian has thus auspiciously commenced what we hope may be a good season for him. The Spring Cup came next, for which the hurdle racer Paul's Cray, Knight of Burghley, and Snail were public favourites; but Tom Jennings's horse was never formidable, and Mr. Naylor's handsome colt had things very much his own way with Lancaster and Lochinvar. Some really good class horses contested the Sefton Steeplechase, which resulted in another victory for Citizen, somewhat cleverly achieved over Earl Marshal and "that old Chimney Sweep," and the reports rife about Turco's lameness were speedily dispelled when he came out to do battle for the Hurdle Handicap, for which Blue Ruin, First Spring, Singleton, and Prodigal were all better favourites at last, though only the last-named had anything to do with the finish, and he could only get an indifferent third to Turco, and that unlucky horse Palestine, who seems to have the knack of disappointing his various owners. Old Paramatta was as much at home as ever over his pet five furlongs in the Netherton Plate, though Wanderer "pinched" him a bit at one period of the race; and a very fair day's sport was wound up by the Union Jack Stakes, for which Knight of Burghley was again pulled out, but the 7lbs. allowance of Sans Pareil enabled him to settle the Knight's pretensions, though only by a head, the rest being widely scattered, and it is evident that Major Stapylton's colt is not the flyer indicated by his private reputation, good looks, and unexceptionable breeding.

If any race-meeting has benefited by "compression" it is that of Liverpool, and the example of its managers might be profitably followed elsewhere, seeing that receipts for stands and enclosures cannot be very materially increased by extending the programme over an extra day or two, at the risk of diluting the sport, and having to spread the butter thinner upon the bread, a process not appreciated by owners of horses. Very few of the favourites won during the second day's muster upon Aintree, for the outsiders, Chippendale and Palmbearer, had the finish of the Prince's Park Plate to themselves, Chit Chat never being "in it," and the "young Lochinvar" cantered away with the Lancastrian Plate from Senator and Lancaster. Prevention, one of Mr. Cookson's young Palmers, ran a dead heat with Clematis for the Sefton Park Plate, which the owners subsequently agreed to divide; and then Beddington settled Paramatta and distanced the rest of his field in the Hylton Plate, Mr. Bush's gelding winning at last by a head. Then came the great event, for which eighteen were stripped, Regal having a decided call in the betting, followed at respectful distances by Liberator and Bacchus, Austerlitz having been struck out in consequence of a filled leg, to the great dismay of his legion of supporters. The first fence was fatal to the chances of Bellringer, Bacchus, Concha, and The Bear, the latter being soon at his old tricks, and by degrees the field was narrowed down to about half of its original complement, Liberator fully justifying our sole selection of him last week, while Wild Monarch ought to have been placed instead of Martha, who passed the Frenchman pulling up. Carthusian beat Opoponax and Distingué in the Palatine Hurdle Handicap; old Oxonian had only Con Cregan to settle in the Fornaby Plate, and Hopper brought out

his first winner for Lord Stamford in Censer, who, taking it into his head to run straight, got the best of Strathavon and Quakeress, after a fine race from the distance, Strathavon apparently not caring to come again after Archer had made up his mind to wait with him.

Fred. Fisher was a well-known man in racing circles some ten years ago, and vast sums of money passed through his hands as "Lord High Commissioner" for more than one important stable, while he was also much patronised by the public in days when the lists drove a roaring trade, and no man dealt more fairly or liberally with his clients than the owner of the white jacket and blue belt. Perhaps, however, he will be best remembered as the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of that excellent but eccentric old gentleman, Mr. "Formosa" Graham, who took to turf pursuits late in life, and, consequently, with very little idea of the ins and outs of racing business. The venerable old "summoner of spirits from the vasty vats," handed over, we believe, to Mr. Fred. Fisher the entire control of his stud, and it was one of his little "fads" to race under many assumed names, of which at one time he had registered some half a dozen, and almost as many sets of colours, until the public were fairly puzzled with his numerous aliases. Mr. Hessey, Mr. Winchester, Mr. Jones, Mr. Brown, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Keswick, and another or two "great unknowns" were all, we believe, so many flimsy disguises of the mysterious distiller; but be this as it may, the confederation had the devil's own luck, and were mostly formidable at Epsom, where, with the Oaks twice booked to their representatives, the City and Suburban twice, and the Great Metropolitan three times in as many years, they may be said to have "farmed" all Mr. Dorling's good things. The St. Leger, the Two and One Thousand Guineas, and most of the good things elsewhere, must have soon marvellously "sweetened" the venture of Mr. Fisher's patron, and the latter had certainly no cause to complain of "Fred's" management. Oddly enough, both master and man quitted racing circles about the same time, Mr. Graham being overtaken by death, and his commissioner retiring into private life after his decease. With Newry and Napoleon III., both "single speech Hamiltons," Mr. Fisher's name was associated as owner, and he managed matters almost as skilfully for himself as for his chief patron, while Tom Brown trained most of his best winners.

We are glad to be able to record a genuine success for the brothers Frail at Northampton, where sport and company were worthy of the palmiest days of that old-established fixture. In the St. Liz Handicap Westbourne and Deluder (the latter with 10lb the worst of the weights), were elected equal favourites, and ran a dead heat the first time of asking, though Fordham was too much for McDonald on the deciding go. The everlasting Paramatta only just squeaked through from Admiral Nelson in the Buecleuch Cup, but Mr. Owen was content to retain him for 355 guineas; and 160 guineas was Anonyma's price to her owner after beating Julia Mannering in the Wakefield Lawn Stakes. A field of 18 went down for the Althorp Park Stakes, for which Khabara and Dourance were equal favourites, but the Song was too much for both of them, and again Lord March's filly had to put up with second place, Vol-au-Vent being an indifferent third. The winner is by Beadle (another of Newminsters sons), and does this unfashionable sire much credit, and she evidently has a great turn of speed. A Selling Race fell to Vanderbilt, beating Garter King and Wellington very easily; and then came the Spencer Plate, for which La Merveille was backed down to 100 to 30; so that those who took our advice and backed Peck's lot should have stood upon velvet. The Russley filly had nothing to do with the finish, however, which lay between the highly-favoured Warren Hastings, Cromwell, and Kingfisher, of which the former had things pretty much his own way, Athol Lad and The Monk cutting up wretchedly again, while St. Augustine also disappointed those who supported him upon his running at Lincoln. The Northamptonshire Cup was a very sporting affair indeed, and Sir Joseph handsomely realised our prediction, beating Kaleidoscope and Placida very cleverly, though Lord Rosebery's gelding was elected favourite. Westbourne and Deluder then had the final bout for the St. Liz Handicap, and a really good day's sport came to an end, the starting presenting none of those vexatious features which have on previous occasions caused visitors to retain unpleasant memories of the town of St. Crispin.

There was only a slight falling in interest as regards the second day's sport at Northampton, when the ball was opened by the Pytchley Hunters' Plate, wherein Quits had his wings clipped by Speculator, at 27lb for the year, which it was, perhaps, too much to ask Squire Drake's horse to concede. Julia Mannering (a Cobhamite) after winning the Town Selling Plate from Lady Muriel and Sister to Enfield, was disposed of for 92 guineas; and in the Auction Stakes Masquerade (an old name revived) pulled through from Landrail and King's County in very easy fashion, and Carnival has made his mark thus early, which should gladden the heart of the manager of the Stud Company, who has several of that sires' get in his yearling quiver this season. Lollypop readily settled the pretensions of Placida in the Whittlebury Cup; and Ridotto got bowled over for the Northamptonshire Stakes by Roehampton, and that without much difficulty, though Beaulere's tutor had a trifling pull in the weights. Sunshade and Drumhead probably prefer a shorter course, but Chocolate may see a better day. The Sulby Selling Handicap Plate fell to Queen's County, but the starters were not a very bright lot; and then the useful Fiddlestring won his third race this year for Mr. Egerton, beating some very fair form indeed in the Welter Cup, and Archer and Fordham rode out a capital finish. Admiral Nelson had the call for the Delapre Handicap (one of the old-standing dishes at Northampton converted into a Welter Race), but Merry Thought and Kingfisher fought out the issue, Lord Hartington's mare running the longest, and this brought proceedings to a close in good time, all dispersing well satisfied with the sport.

There are only one or two minor meetings set down for decision next week, and the sport is hardly of sufficient importance to call for any attempt at selecting winners, though Nottingham will doubtless attract its usual crowds from the vicinity of the lace town.

SKYLARK.

The annual sports of Reading School were held on Tuesday and Wednesday in the presence of a large and fashionable assembly. Both the hurdle and flat races were well-contested, especially on the second day.

At a dinner given by the officers and members of the late Prince of Wales Yacht Club to Mr. Legg, the hon. sec., that gentleman was presented with a valuable testimonial, bearing the following inscription: "Presented by the officers and members of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club to Mr. George Legg, as a testimonial of regard and esteem for his services as honorary secretary. March 27, 1879." Dr. Bain and Mr. E. Knibbs, the founders of the club in 1851, occupied the chair and vice. In the course of the evening expressions of regret were made that this old-established club, which had afforded so large an amount of sport for 28 years, and whose social pleasant gatherings, afloat and ashore, afforded so much gratification, should have become extinct. Mr. Legg made a suitable reply.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

LIVERPOOL MEETING.

FRIDAY, MARCH 23.

The PRINCE'S PARK PLATE.—Lord Bradford's Chippendale (Gallon), 1; Palmbeurer, 2; Beddington, 3. 5 ran.
The LANCASTRIAN PLATE.—Mr. W. Walker's Lochinvar (Hopkins), 1; Senator, 2; Lancaster, 3. 6 ran.
The SEXTON PARK PLATE.—Mr. Jno. Coates's Prevention (J. Snowden), 4 w.o.; Clematis, 1; Playaway, 3. 5 ran.
The HYLTON PLATE.—Mr. C. Bush's Beddington (T. Cannon), 1; Paramatta, 2; Elton, 3. 6 ran.
The GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE of 1000 sovs, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 25 sovs each.

Mr. G. Moore's The Liberator, by Daniel O'Connell—Mary O'Toole, aged, 11st 4lb
Lord M. Beresford's Jackal, aged, 11st 7lb ex) J. Jones 1
Mr. Peishlaeger's Martha, aged, 10st 13lb Mr. T. Beasley 3

The PALATINE HURDLE HANDICAP.—Mr. W. M. Raine's Carthusian (Lynham), 1; Opponax, 2; Distingue, 3. 5 ran.
The FORTHY PLATE.—Lord Rosebery's Oxonian (Constable), 1; Con Cregan, 2. 2 ran.
The PRINCE OF WALES'S CUP.—Lord Stamford's Censer (Lemaire), 1; Quakeress, 2; Strathavon, 3. 3 ran.

MELTON HUNT MEETING.

MONDAY.

The SHROB SCHOLERS WELTER CUP.—Harlequin, 1; Highlander, 2; Cornet, 3. 7 ran.
LEICESTER HUNT STEEPLECHASE.—Minotaur, 1; Robert de Todenei, 2; John Halifax gelding, 3. 11 ran.
MELTON TOWN PURSE.—Just in Time, 1; Miss Brailles, 2. 3 ran.
LADIES' PURSE.—Grenadier, 1; Peter the Great, 2; Whitebait, 3. 6 ran.
FARMERS' RACE.—Polly, 1; Bentrice, 2; Misterton, 3. 6 ran.
SELLING STEEPLECHASE.—Palfrey, 1; Barton, 2; Zouave, 3. 4 ran.

SOUTHDOWN HUNT STEEPLECHASES.

MONDAY.

HUNTERS' PLATE.—Woodbine, 1; Forest King, 2; Paddy, 3. 6 ran.
FIFTH LANCERS' REGIMENTAL CHALLENGE CUP.—Lord Stanley, 1; The Savage, 2; Rebecca, 3; and Carabineer, 4. 4 ran.
SOUTHDOWN HUNT CUP.—Chance, 1; The Hind, 2. 6 ran.
THE SUBALTERNS' CHALLENGE CUP.—La Perichole, 1; Princess, 2; Shaughraun, 3. 6 ran.
SELLING STAKES.—Curator, 1; Great Eastern, 2; Little Fawn, 3. 5 ran.
LIGHT-WEIGHT CUP.—Music, 1; Kins, 2; Perdita, 3. 5 ran.
SUSSEX STAKES.—Theesus, 1; Chance, 2. 4 ran.
THE SUSSEX GALLOWAY STAKES.—The Hind, 1; Jack, 2. 2 ran.

NORTHAMPTON MEETING.

TUESDAY.

The St. Liz HANDICAP.—Mr. F. Grettton's Westbourne (Fordham), + 1; Deluder, + 2; Misenus, 3. 4 ran.
The BUECLEUCH CUP.—Mr. H. Owen's Paramatta (F. Archer), 1; Admiral Nelson, 2; Lindisfarne, 3. 5 ran.
The WAKEFIELD LAWN STAKES.—Mr. R. Wyatt's Anonyma (Owner), 1; Julia Mannering, 2. 2 ran.
The ALTHORP PARK STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 300 added.
Duke of Hamilton's The Song, by the Beadle—Music, 8st 5lb Lemaire 1
Lord March's Khabara (late Cyprus II.), 8st 5lb C. Wood 2
Mr. Acton's Vol au Vent, 8st 12lb Glover 3

A SELLING STAKES.—Mr. R. Robbins's Vanderbilt (F. Archer), 1; Garter King, 2; Wellington, 3. 4 ran.
The EARL SPENCER'S PLATE of 200 sovs, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs each.
Mr. C. Rayner's Warren Hastings, by Citadel—Plunder, 5 yrs, 8st 2lb

Sir J. D. Astley's Cromwell, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb Morbey 1
Mr. Acton's Kingfisher, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb R. Morris 3

The NORTHAMPTONSHIRE CUP.—Mr. Legh's Sir Joseph (Glover), 1; Kaleidoscope, 2; Placida, 3. 5 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

The PYTCHLEY HUNTERS' PLATE.—Mr. G. D. Pennant's Speculator (Mr. A. Coventry), 1; Quits, 2; Evelyn, 3. 4 ran.
The TOWN SELLING PLATE.—Mr. C. Bush's Julia Mannering (C. Wood), 1; Lady Muriel, 2; Sister to Enfield, 3. 3 ran.
The AUCTION STAKES.—Mr. J. Dawson's Masquerader (C. Wood), 1; Landrail, 2; King's County, 3. 8 ran.
The WHITTLEBURY CUP.—Duke of Hamilton's Lollypop (Custance), 1; Placida, 2; The Don, 3. 4 ran.
The GREAT NORTHAMPTONSHIRE STAKES of 300 sovs, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs each.

Mr. C. Perkins's Roehampton, by Lord Clifden—Summer's Eve, 6 yrs, 8st 5lb Snowden 1
Lord Rosebery's Ridotto, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb (ear 7st 12lb) Constable 2
Mr. F. Grettton's Antient Pistol, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb Fordham 3

The SULBY SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. E. Hobson's Queen's County (Newhouse), 1; Garter King, 2; Wellington, 3. 5 ran.
A WELTER CUP.—Mr. A. Egerton's Fiddlestring (F. Archer), 1; Admiral, 2; Lord Warden, 3. 5 ran.
The DELAPRE WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Lord Hartington's Merry Thought (H. Jeffery), 1; Kingfisher, 2; Storm, 3. 5 ran.

YORK RACES.

WEDNESDAY.

A HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE.—Montauban, 1; Liris, 2; Canute, 3. 3 ran.
A SELLING STEEPLECHASE.—George, 1; Andalous, 2; Safeguard, 3. 5 ran.
The MAIDEN HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE.—Novelty, 1; Deference, 2; Phosphor, 3. 3 ran.
The EBOR PLATE.—Douglas, 1; Ivanhoe, 2; Midnight, 3. 3 ran.
CLIFTON CROFT PLATE.—Gossip, 1; Moonstone, 2; White Aster, 3. 7 ran.
CHAMPAGNE PLATE.—View Hall, 1; Maiton, 2; W. W., 3. 7 ran.

KNIGHTON RACES.

WEDNESDAY.

The KINGSLEY HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Bristol, 1; Lord Stafford, 2; Restoration, 3. 5 ran.
The NEWCASTLE HUNTERS' (SELLING) HURDLE RACE PLATE.—Alpha, 1; Alice, 2; Saire, 3. 4 ran.
RADNORSHIRE HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE.—Nightshade, 1. 3 ran.
VOLUNTEER CUP.—Artificer, 1; Woodfield, 2; M. by Confederate, 3. 3 ran.
SCARLET CUP.—Romping Girl, 1; White Hill, 2; The Hawk, 3. 5 ran.

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN STEEPLECHASES.

WEDNESDAY.

GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.—Charlie, 1; Agitator, 2; Lady Day, 3. 3 ran.
CONDITIONAL PLATE.—Little Prince, 1; Botanist, 2; Exile, 3. 5 ran.
LIGONER PLATE.—Honest Ralph, 1; Boy, 2. 2 ran.
ADDITIONAL PLATE.—Green Erin, 1; Quadroon, 2; Ceeropia, 3. 7 ran.
CITIZENS' PLATE.—Reveller, 1; Volunteer, 2; Little Duchess, 3. 8 ran.
WOODLANDS PLATE.—Kingsly gelding, 1; Javelin, 2; Latakia, 3. 11 ran.

CROYDON RACES.

THURSDAY.

The CROYDON SPRING TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES.—Mr. T. Stevens's Lady Charlie (Constable), 1; Lady Mary colt, 2; Clematis, 3. 8 ran.
The WOODSIDE PLATE.—Mr. Tuckwell's Elsham Lad (Constable), 1; Cornet, 2; Little Duck, 3. 11 ran.
A SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. W. Harris's Rivulet (S. Daniels), 1; Hiero, 2; Styx, 3. 7 ran.
The WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. Acton's Equinox (Constable), 1; Balance, 2; Bonchurch, 3. 17 ran.
The GRAND HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Case-Walker's Blue Ruin, (J. Adams), 1; Freebooter, 2; Verity, 3. 3 ran.

WARWICK RACES.

THURSDAY.

ALL-AGED SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Wood's Middle Temple (F. Archer), 1; Con Cregan, 2; Hildebrand, 3. 6 ran.
THE TROUBLESHOOTER TWO YEAR OLD PLATE.—Lord Calthorpe's f by Lecturer—Rosny (F. Archer), 1; Antyeater, 2; Idalia II., 3. 6 ran.
The WILLOUGHBY WELTER PLATE HANDICAP.—Mr. R. Hearn's Miss Eleanor (Newhouse), 1; Laura, 2; Bay Cardinal, 3. 8 ran.
The JUVENILE FLYING PLATE.—Mr. C. Binton's Quickshot (Greaves), 1; Ozone, 2; Julia Mannering, 3. 12 ran.
DEBDALE HUNTERS.—Tutor, 1; Bess, 2; Lady Curral, 3. 8 ran.
SPRING STEEPLECHASE.—Concha, 1; Palma, 2; Colledjan, 3. 4 ran.
LEAMINGTON HURDLE.—High Priest, 1; Kinsman, 2; Dorothy, 3. 5 ran.

PONTEFRAT MEETING.

THURSDAY.

The BADSWORTH HUNT HURDLE PLATE.—Mr. Vyner's Ormelie (Mr. Couchman), 1; Allerton, 2; Deference, 3. 4 ran.
The TRIAL HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. H. Williamson's Randal M'Eagh (J. Coates), 1; Wanderer, 2; Caballa de Oros, 3. 11 ran.
The PONTEFRAT SPRING HANDICAP.—Mr. C. Perkins's Umbria (Fagan), 1; Skelgate Maid, 2; Lady Millicent, 3. 8 ran.
The PRINCE OF WALES'S STAKES.—Mr. D. Milner's Lady Derwentwater (Lemaire), 1; Lady Betty, 2; Poetry filly, 3. 6 ran.

The SELLING HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE.—Mr. C. Laud's Allerton (Mr. Walker), 1; Deference, 2; Lady Derwent, 3. 4 ran.
WEST RIDING HURDLE.—La Manch, 1; Ida Thormanby, 2; Whim, 3. 5 ran.

EGLINTON HUNT RACES.

THURSDAY.

The MAIDEN HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Baird's Ronald (Captain Middleton), 1; Sportsman, 2; Senior Wrangler, 3. 7 ran.
The WEST OF SCOTLAND HUNT CUP.—Mr. D. Rippen's Eaglesham (C. J. Cunningham), 1; Cetewayo, 2. 2 ran.
The EGLINTON HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Mr. J. Brodie's Militant (Levitt), 1; Ragamuffin, 2; Victor II., 3. 3 ran.
The IRVINE HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Mr. W. B. Fauld's Knight of Ellerslie (Mr. G. Steele), 1; Sir Francis, 2; Redskin, 0. 3 ran.
LADY EGLINTON'S CUP.—Valesham, 1; Don Pedro, 2.

Yellow Gown and Waiter, who ran first and second for the Hunter's race on Tuesday, have been disqualified, and the race awarded to Eustace, who came in third.

FOREIGN RACING INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS SPRING MEETING.

SUNDAY.

LA BOURSE.—M. Lupin's La Jonchère (Mordan), 1; Fitz Plutus, 2; Le Marquis, 3. 12 ran.
PRIX DE LA GROTTE.—Mr. Wigginton's Incertain (Rolfe), 1; Pimpette, 2; Equateur, 3; Coissant, 4. 9 ran.
PRIX DE GURCHE.—Comte de Lagrange's Barde (Wheeler), 1; Sphinx, 2; Justin, 3; Eucalyptus, 4. 10 ran.
PRIX DE LUTEC.—M. Fould's Avermes (Childs), 1; Venise, 2; Cactus, 3; La Scala II., 4. 6 ran.
PRIX DU CADRAN.—M. Delatre's Clocher (Hudson), 1; Brie, 2; Mourie, 3; Inval, 4. 7 ran.
PRIX DE CHEVILLY.—M. Fould's Gift (Childs), 1; Elleviou, 2; Augusta, 3. 7 ran.

STUD NEWS.

LITTLE SUTTON STUD FARM, near Chester.—Feb. 22nd, Mr. Pell's Wind, a bay filly by Exminster; 25th, Cramp, a chestnut filly by Exminster or Thorwaldsen; Lady Mortimer, a bay filly by Exminster; 27th, mare (from Spring Blossom), a chestnut colt by Thorwaldsen or Exminster; March 1st, Mr. T. Steven's Ida, a bay filly by Prince Charlie; 19th, Equanimity, a chestnut filly by Exminster; Mr. Hewett's Sophistic, a bay colt by Victorious. Arrived: Mr. Dixon's Tan, with chestnut colt. The above mares will be put to Exminster, whose subscription is full.

THE HENBURY, Moseley, Birmingham.—March 13th, Mr. Richard's Kissing Crust, by Brown Bread, a brown filly by Rosebery, and will be put to Jolly Friar.

BAUMBER PARK, Horncastle, Lincolnshire.—Mr. Sharpe's Dundrum, a grey filly by Strathconan, and will be put to Coruleus; his Galop, a bay colt by Coruleus, and will be put to him again; and his Marie Galante, a bay filly by Merry Sunshine, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Coruleus: Mr. Bourne's Citeux, by Rataplan, maiden; and Lord Seaborough's Favotte, in foal to Strathconan.

BRENNHAM HOUSE STUD FARM.—March 19th, Mr. H. Waring's Queen of Diamonds, a bay filly by Doncaster, and will be put to King of the Forest; 20th, Mr. H. Waring's mare out of Alarum, a bay filly by Cymbal, and will be put to him again; 22nd, Mr. Dore's Lady Anne, a chestnut colt by Albert Victor, and will be put to King of the Forest; 23rd, Mr. H. Waring's Punishment, a bay filly by General Peel, and will be put to King of the Forest; 24th, Mr. H. Waring's Crucifixion, a chestnut colt by King of the Forest, and will be put to him again.

THE STUD COMPANY (LIMITED), Cobham, Surrey.—March 20th, the Stud Company's Juliana, a filly by See Saw, and will be put to Cremorne; 25th, the Stud Company's Letty West, a colt by Rosierucian, and will be put to George Frederick; 26th, the Stud Company's Lucy Bertram, a colt by Blue Gown, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Blair Athol: March 21st, the Stud Company's Lady Soffie. Arrived to Blue Gown: March 21st, Mr. J. Marshall Brook's Britannia. Arrived to Wild Oats: March 25th, Mr. R. Peck's La Fille de ma Mie, with foal by King of the Forest. Arrived to George Frederick: March 25th, the Stud Company's Frolicsome; and Mr. R. Peck's The Sloven; 26th, Mr. Cowper Temple's Antonia.

BOXHILL PADDOCKS.—The following mares have arrived to be put to Petro Gomez:—March 10th, Mr. Dudley Milner's Madame Angot, with a filly by Lord Lyons, and Mr. Brook's Roulade; on March 19th, Mr. Huton's, bay mare, a bay filly by Rosebery.

WOODLANDS STUD (Mr. Van Haansbergen's), Knitsley Station, Consett Branch, North-Eastern Railway, Co. Durham.—Lord Fitzwilliam's Octavia, by Warlock, a bay colt by Lecturer, and will be put to Macgregor; Mr. A. Harrison's Energetic, by Lord Lyon, a bay colt by Albert Victor, and will be put to Macgregor; Mr. Van Haansbergen's Meteorite, by De Clare, a bay colt by Blue Gown, and will be put to Macgregor; Cicely Hackett, by Le Marchal, a bay filly by Camballo, and will be put to Macgregor; Damages, by Oxford, a chestnut filly by Macgregor, and will be put to Claremont; Mr. R. F. Timholm's Countess, a bay filly by Bombaki, and has been put to Claremont; Mr. W. Bungay's Elf Knot, by Le Marchal, a bay colt by King Lud, and has been put to Macgregor; Penniless, by Beadsman, a bay colt by Macgregor, and will be put to Claremont. Arrived to Macgregor: Lord Fitzwilliam's Dorothea, by Bay Middleton, in foal to Lecturer; Mr. C. Ashton's Lady of Coverdale, by Leamington, and Lady Durham, in foal to Coltness. Mr. A. Harrison's Tilt, by Earl or Palmer, out of Tournay, in foal to Albert Victor; Seylla, by Vedette out of Cymba, in foal to Blue Gown; Miss Tatton, by Neptunus out of Lady Tatton, in foal to King Lud. Arrived to Claremont: Mr. J. Heslop's mare by Kettledrum out of Lady Anne; Mr. C. Ashton's Queen of Hearts, by Lord of the Isles; Mr. John Trotter's Malapropos, by De Clare; Dr. Fenwick's mare, and Lady Lucy, by Lord Lyon, in foal to Vedette; Rev. Mr. Miller's Ammunition, by Vedette; Mr. H. Milne-Walker's Perchance, by Adventurer; Mr. Van Haansbergen's Sukey, by Vedette, in foal to George Frederick; Arrived to Argyle: Mr. A. Fair's Wild Aggie, by Wild Moor (maiden); Mr. Jacob Annett's Red Hind, by Breadalbane. Several mares for sale with foals by or in foal to Albert Victor, George Frederick, Macgregor, Strathconan, Vedette, &c.—Mr. John Trotter's Mineralogy, by Miner, a chestnut filly by Salvator, and will be put to Macgregor; Mr. Chas. Henderson's Old Girl, by Farnham, a filly by Argyle, and will be put to him again; Lady Lucy, by Lord Lyon, a black filly by Vedette, and will be put to Macgregor; Lord Fitzwilliam's Octavia, by Warlock, a bay colt by Lecturer, and put to Macgregor; Mr. A. Harrison's Energetic, by Lord Lyon, a brown colt by Albert Victor, and put to Macgregor; Mr. Van Haansbergen's Meteorite, by De Clare, a bay colt by Blue Gown, and put to Macgregor; Cicely Hackett, by Le Marchal, a bay filly by Camballo, and put to Macgregor; Damages, by Oxford, a chestnut filly by Macgregor, and put to Claremont; Mr. R. F. Trenholm's Countess, a bay filly by Bombaki, and put to Claremont; Mr. W. Bungay's Elf Knot, by Le Marchal, a bay colt by King Lud, and put to Macgregor; Penniless, by Beadsman, a brown colt by Macgregor, and put to Claremont. Arrived to Macgregor: Lord Fitzwilliam's Dorothea, by Bay Middleton, in foal to Lecturer; Mr. C. Ashton's Lady of Coverdale, by Leamington, and Lady Durham, in foal to Coltness; Mr. A. Harrison's Tilt, by Earl or Palmer out of Tournay, in foal to Albert Victor; Seylla, by Vedette; Cymba, in foal to Blue Gown; Miss Tatton, by Neptunus; and Lady Tatton, in foal to King Lud. Arrived to Claremont: Mr. J. Heslop's mare, by Kettledrum out of Lady Anne; Mr. C. Ashton's Queen of Hearts, by Lord of the Isles; Mr. John Trotter's Malapropos, by De Clare; Rev. Mr. Miller's Ammunition, by Vedette; Mr. H. Milne-Walker's Perchance, by Adventurer; and Mr. Van Haansbergen's Sukey, by Vedette, in foal to George Frederick. Arrived to Argyle: Mr. W. Fair's Aggie, by Wild Moor, maiden; and Mr. J. Annett's Red Hind, by Breadalbane. Dr. Fenwick's mare, reported in error last week as arrived to Claremont, is to Argyle.

The annual regatta in connection with the Britannia training ship for Naval Cadets at Dartmouth took place on Wednesday, amid cold and pitiless rain. There was, however, a fairly good attendance of spectators.

THE ROYAL SHOW FOR 1879.—The subscriptions to the Royal show amount to about £7,000 only, far less than is required by the Royal Agricultural Society and Mansion House Committee. The Liverpool Committee last year raised £7,500, and, taking into consideration the very greatly increased expenditure necessary for a metropolitan and international show, it is manifest that, unless something is done to raise, and that considerably, the subscription list, the "Royal" will suffer seriously in its finances, however much it may gain in other ways. We are assured, on the best authority, that at least £40,000 will be required to cover the expenses this year. The simple acreage of the show-yard has been enlarged nearly 50 per cent over that at Liverpool, and all the attendant expenses will be increased almost *pro rata*. If the money is not forthcoming from the Mansion House Fund, the loss will fall upon the Society, and that to an extent which must very injuriously affect its power for usefulness in the future. No less a sum than £13,188 is allotted to prizes for live stock and produce.



QUAIL SHOOTING IN EGYPT.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

It is the correct, and, moreover, the fashionable thing, to put away the ordinary frivolity of the theatre and cling to the sombre sentiments of Passion Week and its surrounding periods. Of course, as a representative of the fashionable world, I must, for one, refrain from dealing quite directly with anything histrionic, and it has exercised my mind considerably whether I should not sit down for the express purpose of administering a "Lenten Lecture" to my readers. I labour, however, under a great disadvantage when I compare my position with that of the Rev. Thingumy Reredos, who, in consequence of his popularity and on account of his cloth, can say just what he pleases to the assembled congregation which has the benefit of his teachings and admonitions. He ascends the pulpit, he levies his text, he sends forth his ideas, large or small, as the case may happen to be, and fair women and strong men bow to his teachings just with as much respect as they would pay to the doctor who cured them, the habit-maker who fitted them, or the host who fed them properly. That is just where Reredos has the advantage over me. My congregation can quietly object to me at the first glance towards my poor little sketches, or throw me aside on reading the first line that I have tremblingly penned for their entertainment or instruction. I have no pulpit, and my congregation is unmuzzled—very much so to judge from the letters I occasionally have submitted to me by the Editor of this paper. I have a few words to say about a class of person who infests "theatrical haunts," and I have thought it well to deal with him very much as a curate, like my estimable friend Reredos would treat the "Father of Lies," but I am not bound to one enemy or one argument in my



A Professional Beggar

dissertation, and shall therefore condemn by contrast. Reredos does it by invective; but then he has the advantage of a pulpit and a surplice. Here, then, I go headlong into a Lenten Lecture, and I take for my subject one of not only theatrical, but, I am sorry to say, general interest. It is—PROFESSIONAL BEGGARS AND BEGGAR PROFESSIONALS. If my friend Reredos had this title under consideration for his sermon he would quietly take Captain Cuttle's advice to "overhaul his Testament, and when found make a note of" a suitable text, say some pretty allusion. He would lose no further time, but forthwith start on his subjects under treatment first by repeating this title, somewhat varied by transposition, thus:—"Professional Beggars and Beggar Professional Beggars!—Beggars Professionals and Professional Beggars!—My dear friends, the period of Lent reminds us of lending and borrowing—borrowing and lending, my friends. Those who borrow and those who lend—those who lend and those who borrow. There is a time to sow and a time to reap. We are told there is also a time to borrow and a time to lend, as well as times in which to 'beg, borrow, or steal,' but at present we



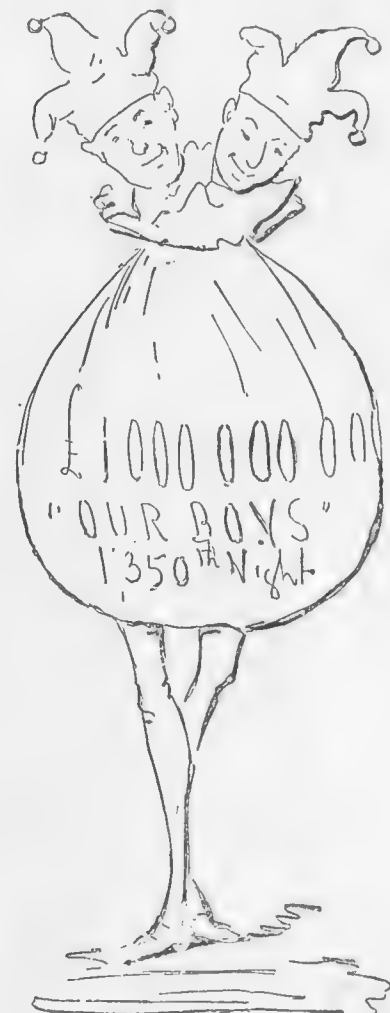
A Child of Misfortune

have only to do with those who borrow—who make loans, my friends, and that more especially with regard to the class who make beggary a profession, and others who make their profession beggary." And so the Reverend

The Beggar Professional
"Spotting his Game"

Thingumy Reredos would work away on his subject. I cannot, however, follow him in the deeply impressive reiterations of his heads and illustrations. I must draw your attention first then to—the professional. My chief reason for introducing so well known an individual is not so much for his own sake or your

annoyance as to exhibit in a more contemptible light—the beggar professional. The professional beggar, we all know, whether he be the blind man with the little dog and tin box, or as the frozen-out labourer with his clean shovel guiltless of toil, on which is writ in chalk, "We are starving," or in his hundred other guises—now with three arms, again with none at all. He in reality "professes" nothing, but is through the very subtlety of his art a professional, and as a professional so far outstrips the creature who assumes to be an actor, and is therefore known at the lodging he occupies, at the nearest public-house, and at the pawnbroker's as "the gent who is in the Profession," that whereas the impostor who shrinks not to drag an honourable calling through the mire meets but with deserved contempt, the professional beggar can be excused for his extreme cleverness and histrionic genius. I have often (and so have you, reader) been humbugged to the very top of endurance by some unmitigated tramp, and after all have with a certain sense of pleasure pressed to his ready palm a reward for the dexterity of his delusions. Far different is the beggar professional. In this instance, be it clearly understood, I refer to the person who assumes to be an actor. I have nothing to do with the doctor who would be President of the College of Surgeons were it not that he had lost a lung in crossing the German Ocean, or with the pictorial artist who commences a series of ambitious pictures on the flags of a popular thoroughfare, but who unfortunately drops in a fit just before the work



A April Fool

in hand is sufficiently developed to represent anything, and who is nurtured by the expectant crowd to the extent of several drops of brandy and a handful of coppers. No, the person I allude to is that chief blot on the theatrical profession—the man who either cannot, or will not, do anything but beg ("borrowing" he calls it) from those connected with, or taking an interest in, matters dramatic. Nor even then have I a word to say against Brandy Blossom, the country tragedian, "the Cheild of Misfortune," who, through the success of others—or the non-success of himself—has become a waif on that headlong current which sweeps down through professional life, and might be termed the "Two of Gin and Three of Brandy Rapids." No, the "Cheild of Misfortune" is a harmless fraud compared with the strong and hearty young man, unknown in any honourable way with theatrical undertakings, and who might do a very creditable day's work in the docks or elsewhere, but who prefers theatrical hostilities—especially on Saturdays, when treasury has performed its balmy services to the genuine actor, and when in return his heart and purse-strings are loose. Then and there it is that the beggar professional looks through the door and spots his game; anything from sixpence to half-a-crown (he seldom soars above half-a-crown) is welcome to him—he must have something, and something he has. I have sometimes wondered how much a thing of this sort can make when he has become perfectly dead to self-respect, and I have come to the conclusion that it must prove something considerably above the ordinary wages of a skilled artisan. Sometimes when his continual stories of misfortune become too glaring he will organise "a benefit," with the mystic initials of a brotherhood to which he belongs printed in Roman capitals at the top of the programme he issues to all and sundry. These bills he will personally worm into the possession of people who have not the strength to refuse them; and after the stock of tickets is disposed of, some untoward circumstance prevents the fulfilment of the conditions laid out on the card. As a matter of honour he will (some day) return the money. Meantime he is walking about, well-dressed, impudent, recognised, prosperous—the beggar professional—the disgrace to the dramatic profession—the theatrical fraud that is as unworthy of the profession of beggary as he is of the profession he assumes. It is the 1st of April and the 1,350th night of *Our Boys*, so I must conclude without further delay.

BY-THE-BYE,

the hanging of the pictures in the Suffolk-street annual exhibition provokes one's indignation somewhat strongly. It's really too bad, and reminds one how when the Hanging Committee of the R.A. first sent out those very economical and courteous (?) post-cards, on which they expressed their deep regret at being unable to hang Mr. Blank's picture. Mr. Blank replied to the injury and the insult on another economical post-card, just as curtly and courteously expressing his deep regret that he was unable to hang the Hanging Committee.

Without mentioning other instances in this year's display of the Society of British Artists, no one can fail to note the transparent folly and unfairness which gives academy school studies of drapery prominent positions, and hangs close to the ceiling small, highly finished, imaginative works of the highest merit—such as that clever painting, brimful of humour and character (No. 455), by Mr. William Weekes, and that masterly bit of drawing and modelling by Miss Ellen Conolly—"A Warm Walk" (No. 101.) This, the fifty-sixth exhibition of this society, is, however, on the whole somewhat above its usual standard, and its visitors will find many works of great excellence and interest, with some of a poor, commonplace description, and others which make us wonder if anything as poor or bad could possibly have been rejected.

Talking of art and exhibitions, by-the-bye, what do you think of our artists' private view business on the Sunday before sending-in day for the Academy Exhibition? I have my own opinion, of course, which has been ably expressed for me in our smart little Liverpool contemporary, *The Porcupine*, wherein I read:—

"Mr. Pettie has sold his picture and gone out of town to escape the appalling nuisance of Show-Sunday. I do not wonder at his wisdom, and I admire his courage. If the brethren of the brush merely consulted their own comfort the exodus would be general. To mingle with the inane idlers who now for the most part crowd the studios on the Sabbath before sending-in day is to unfeignedly pity the unfortunate artist. To have such expressions as 'de-lightful,' 'charming, upon my word,' 'de-licious,' 'so—don't you know?—full of feeling'—dinned in his ears from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, is enough to make him abominate his art and condemn its conventional critics—the chattering pies of society—for evermore. Of course there are taciturn gazers, men and women of taste and intelligence, amongst the crowd; but the pies predominate, and their gabble is dreadful. In fact, the whole business is overdone.

By-the-bye, I have seen but a few of the works which were sent in on Monday last for the R.A. Exhibition, but of these at least one promises to be, if not the sensation, one of the sensations of the season. It is a sculptured horse and rider by Mr. C. B. Birch, one of my occasional artist colleagues on this paper, entitled "The Last Call." The rigidity of attitude, following the sudden upward leap of the death-stricken hussar, is at once most striking and most realistic, indicating an amount of careful study and inquiry on the part of the artist, which is almost sure to command critical praise. The headlong plunge of the stumbling horse is caught with force and truthfulness.

And talking, by-the-bye, of art and arms leads my thoughts to a paragraph which I saw the other day quoted from the *Military Record and Volunteer News*. Here it is:—"In past days, and under old conditions of warfare, when movements were slow and troops fought in concentrated order, when the idea of seeking cover in action would have been deemed gross cowardice, and when it was held to be highly unsoldierlike to duck the head to a cannon ball, the colours of a regiment were not merely ornamental on parade, but useful in action. In the roar and turmoil of battle they serve as a guide, a rallying point, and an incentive to all ranks. So much for colours as they were; let us now look at them as they are. While armies are still organised as heretofore in battalions of about a thousand strong for facility of administration, the principal feature of modern fighting is the resolving of these battalions, when once under fire, into companies, or even smaller units, according to the circumstances of the moment, each fraction having its own separate objective point, and looking only to its immediate commander for guid-

ance. No one has time to bestow a look or even a thought upon the colours, and they are accordingly relegated ignominiously to the rear, where they remain, so to say, passive spectators of the fight; the last to advance, the first to retreat. The truth is that the utility of colours has departed, their prestige is unmistakably waning, and it is difficult to see on what grounds their continued existence can be advocated. Arguments of a more or less sentimental nature will doubtless not be wanting in their behalf; but this is not a case in which sentiment should be allowed to override fact. They are unsuited to the rapid movements and independent fighting of the present day; and, like the typical soldier who could not shoot, they are 'useless and an encumbrance to the battalion.' They might be disestablished and laid upon the shelf, and their fitting epitaph would be, 'It was the pace that killed.'"

Are War Office authorities actually considering the policy of doing away with regimental colours, and that, too, just when our hearts are all aglow with the sad tale of heroism in which those gallant soldiers, Melville and Coghill, fell so honourably in defence of the colours of the brave "Twenty Fourth." Some say they are.

That, by-the-bye, was but the last of many noble examples of heroic self-devotion and bravery in defence of "the colours," and let those who value these flaunting war-worn rags at so much per yard, shrug their shoulders and grin at those who sell their lives to save them, yet the sentiment which can inspire men to do such deeds as have been done in their defence is one for which all the heartless mechanism and matter-of-fact reasoning in the world could never provide a substitute. "A mere matter of sentiment!" Why the world is ruled by sentiment, and in nine cases out of ten is so ruled righteously. Make war a matter-of-fact trade, divest it of all passionate impulses and unselfish aspirations, and the soldier is a mere butcher, the battle-field a slaughterhouse, the enemy's men mere cattle. Nothing of it will remain that is not utterly horribly mean; barbarous, and repulsive. While the stern, sad, universally-regretted and wicked necessity for war exists let us make the best, not the worst of it, earnestly hoping and praying for the day when we may turn our swords into pruning-hooks, but without divesting it of those chivalrous elements—sentimental as they are—which elevate the warfare of civilised men above that of the savage and the beast.

This, by-the-bye, sets me dreaming again. I recall Private Thomas Brown, a Yorkshireman in the 3rd Light Dragoons, who, when the wounded cornet let his standard fall, leaped from his horse, and surrounded by foes cutting and thrusting at him from every side, caught it up, regained his saddle, and with the loss of two fingers from his bridle-hand, cut his way out of the throng with the flag securely held between his leg and the saddle. He received seven severe wounds on the head, face, and body, but he brought the colours of his regiment proudly back. That was at the battle of Dettingen in 1743. But the brave private got off more easily than Cornet Richardson of Ligonier's Horse did in the same hard fight. Wounded by sword-cut, thrust, and shot, he was isolated from his friends and surrounded by foes, who in vain called upon him to surrender. Escape was hopeless, but rather than abandon the flag he bore—merely a torn and bloody rag on a shattered staff—he still fought on and miraculously escaped, triumphantly preserving the colours which so gloriously inspired him. Michael Maneely, an Irishman, and private in the 8th Royal Irish Hussars, at Rousbeck, in the Netherlands, fighting over his dead horse until he stood alone in the midst of the dead and dying still clinging to his regiment's colours, would make a picture if artists were patriotic enough to paint such things. He fell at last, for want of strength to stand, and his last efforts were expended in digging out of the earth a hiding-place for the flag. Ensign Walsh, afoot, defending from a savage crowd of French and Polish lancers the colours which, when shot from their staff, he had bound about his body. Lieutenant Latham, horribly disfigured by one blow which cut off his nose and half his face, and by another which severed his left arm from his body, still struggling in a mob of savage foes for the flag, which was found under his apparently dead body when the British cavalry came up and rescued him. Lieutenant Ring—a mere boy—and many another hero inspired by these "colours,"

the mere gaudy rags of some who would for ever discard them, rise in my mind to protest against the taking of the step our military contemporary so strongly advocates.

A. H. DOUBLEYEW.

PRESENTATION TO MR. JOHN HARVEY, M.F.H.

A presentation of an interesting character took place on Thursday, at Stockton. Mr. Harvey, who has been for several years master of the South Durham Foxhounds, having been obliged, through increasing years, to resign that post, was presented by his numerous friends and admirers with his portrait. Mr. Harvey has been connected with the hunt for more than half a century, going back to the time when Ralph Lambton made the Durham country famous, Mr. Harvey being not only a gallant sportsman, but a most courteous and genial gentleman. The dinner at which the presentation was made was numerously attended, not only by the gentlemen of the district, but by the farmers over whose land Mr. Harvey has hunted so long, bewitxth whom and himself there has always existed the most kindly feeling. The Marquis of Londonderry, K.B., made the presentation, which was suitably acknowledged by the late M.F.H. Of the picture we cannot speak too highly, and for the artist, Mr. John Charlton, it is very safe to predict a great future. Many of our readers may remember his "Scene from the Pythley Hunt" in last year's Academy's Exhibition, and his "Huntsman's Courtship" in a previous year. The scene of this picture is "Gone away from Lea Close" (a popular meet with the South Durham hounds), and was selected by Mr. Harvey in consequence of a run from it having been described under that heading in "Robert Forrester" (Longmans). To the right of the picture, under the spreading branches of an oak, mounted on his handsome brown mare "Polly," is the veteran M.F.H., a most admirable likeness; whilst streaming out of the covert near him are six favourite hounds—Bachelor, Layman, Rambler, Alma, Artist, and Rosy—so life-like that many an honest farmer, as he looked on the picture, wondered he did not hear the music. To the left of the picture are Claxton, the huntsman, and Beven, first whip, with the rest of the pack, whilst in the background is the tower of Sedgfield Church. The whole picture is instinct with life, and excited general admiration. The following lines appeared on the morning of the presentation:—

"GONE AWAY!"

[On the occasion of the presentation of HIS PORTRAIT TO JOHN HARVEY, Esq., late M.F.H., the background of the picture being the scene of "Gone away from Lea Close."]

"Gone away from Lea Close, gone away,"
What a picture rises up,
As standing by the festive board,
We lift the loving cup.
"Gone away, gone away, hark forward,"
And out the hounds are swinging,
And "Rosy" takes up "Rambler's" note
Till the chorus rich is ringing.
Hark to the music, that's "Bachelor's" cry,
Now "Artist" and "Alma" give tongue;
And "Layman's" deep voice, that never told lies,
With the find of a fox to be sung.
"Hold hard, hold hard," till the last young hound
Has left the furze or thorn,
With the huntsman's scream, and the welcome note
That's twanging from his horn.
"Tis the image of war without its guilt,"
As Jorrocks truly sings,
And now with "Polly" well away,
We taste the "sport of kings,"
O'er heavy clay, o'er grass and plough,
While double ditches try,
And stout thorn fence—the pluck of those
Who never rush, but fly.
And foremost 'mid the first flight there
The master rides to-day
As bold as when in Lambton's time
He first heard "gone away!"
Behold him now from find to kill,
How straight and true he goes;
Who would dream to see him ride,
Of seventy winters' snows.
Then a bumper fair, with three times three,
And distant be the day
When from the last South Durham meet
Our veteran—"Goes away."



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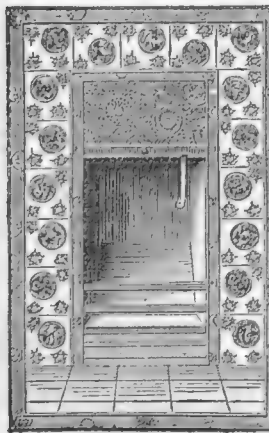
The Gold Medal Dublin Exhibition, 1865.

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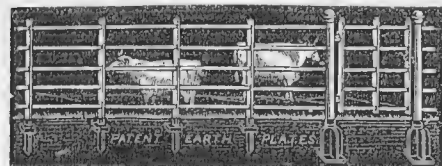
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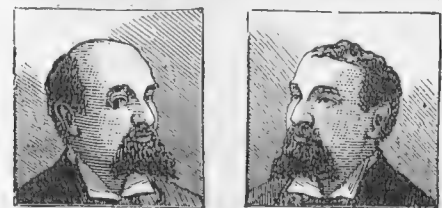


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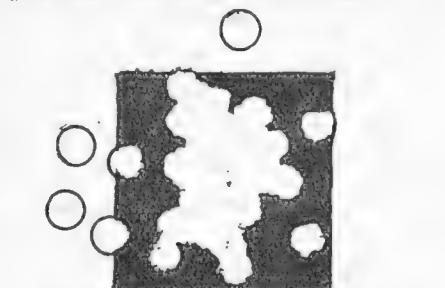
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

PLAYWRIGHT.—Sheridan's *School for Scandal* was produced in 1777, his *Critic* in 1779, and his *Pizarro* in the same year, all before he had turned his attention to politics.

II. O. W.—Charles Young, the famous tragedian, the son of a surgeon, was born in Fenchurch-street on January 10th, 1771. He was educated at Eton, and made his first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, in the character of Young Norval. His London debut took place at the Haymarket Theatre, when he appeared as Hamlet.

II. D.—*The Ethiop; or, the Child of the Desert* was first played as "a grand romantic drama," and after the seventh night withdrawn. The author afterwards turned it into an opera, and called it *Haroun Al-Raschid*, but it was shelved after one night's performance. The original music was composed for it by Bishop.

ALFRED G. BARTLEY.—Coleridge wrote a tragedy called *Remorse*, which was played at Drury Lane Theatre in 1813, with great success.

T. S. B.—The creator of the part of Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons* was Miss Helen Faucit.

T.—Mr. Everill made his first London appearance at the Haymarket Theatre, in September 1878. He was born in London on February 6th, 1829.

E. HARMON.—*King René's Daughter* was an adaptation from the Swedish, from the pen of Mr. Theodore Martin. We do not think it has been revived since it was first produced in London.

A. BUTTE.—1. Mr. John Hyder was born in 1814. 2. In M. Sardou's *Nos Intimes*.

TRAGEDIAN.—The old waistcoat business of the gravedigger in *Hamlet* is a tradition of the part which goes back as far as we have any record of the part, and was then a tradition supposed to have come down with the tragedy from the days of Shakespeare. We are consequently unable to inform you what was the name of "that vulgar ass of a low comedian, who first disfigured the scene with his vulgar buffoonery," unless, indeed, it was, as has been supposed, William Shakespeare.

ELLEN M. DAVIS.—The piece was called *The Love Spell*, and it was first produced at the Olympic Theatre in October, 1831.

MUSICAL.

TOM (Aldershot).—1. The lady has been twelve years on the operatic stage, and was married about ten years back. She is a native of Hamburg.

2. This young lady is still single. She was born in America.

CORNET.—You may probably obtain it of Messrs. Riviere and Hawkes, 28, Leicester-square, who have a large collection of music for brass bands and military orchestras.

ANNA W.—You are quite right in claiming, as a soprano solo, the air, "But thou didst not leave his soul in hell," from Handel's *Messiah*. It was written for the soprano voice, and no tenor has a right to appropriate it.

M. A.—The reason why Rossini's *Semiramide* is usually mentioned in critical articles in connection with the composer's name is, that there are nearly twenty operas by different composers on the subject of the famous Assyrian Queen. The same remark will also partially apply to *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, founded on the immortal comedy, *Le Barbier de Séville*, by Beaumarchais.

Romeo and Juliet, *Faust*, and many other works have been set to music by several composers. When *Faust* is named, it is necessary to indicate whether the opera by Spohr, or that by Gounod, is meant.

SPORTING.

F. T. BEAU.—In Mr. Colquhoun's "Sporting Days," published by Blackwood, there is a paper on "Deer-driving in Mull," from which the following is an extract: "I was tenant of two good deer drives in Mull, distant about ten miles from each other: Bentalla, the faithless 'Lord of the Isles' hunting ground, and Glenforsa, situated on the opposite side of the island. In addition to some smaller patches, there were the fine hill side coverts of Garrochree and Torlochan—the former as wild a jungle as even this rugged island could grow."

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. F. G.—Simon Aleyn or Allen held the living of Bray from 1540 to 1588, the year in which he died.

N. D.—Thomas Garway in Exchange-alley, "Tobacconist and Coffee-man," was the first who sold tea retail in London some time in or near the middle of the seventeenth century. His prices ranged from sixteen to fifty shillings a pound in the leaf, and it was also sold by the cup and drank on his premises. Tea did not, however, come into general use as a domestic beverage until long after.

A. G.—The first public exhibition of gas-lighting was made on the evening of the king's birthday in 1807 on a wall which ran between the Mall and the park. A contemporary publication says, "The effect was extremely beautiful. It is scarcely too much to say that for beauty, brightness, and purity the gas-light is as much beyond lamps and candles as day is beyond night."

WILLIAM BROWN.—A great mistake. Here is a specimen of the kind of recognition superstition received, quoted from an edition of Pennant's "London," published by Sherwood Neely and Jones, of Paternoster-row, in 1814:—"Before one of the doors (of Newgate) the scaffold is erected for public executions, and remains no longer there than is necessary. I had resolution enough to attend an execution. Figure to yourself a kind of theatre, encompassed with a double chain and hung with black. The dismal sound of a bell declares the moment when the victims of justice are brought forth. I shall never forget the horrid preparation. The executioner was a wretched creature of an hour in adjusting the rope about the necks of the two wretched malefactors, who had been convicted of robbery. They both cast their eyes around with the cord fixed about their necks; one while looking at the Ordinary, then at the spectators, and then at the beam to which the rope was fastened, with a calmness which might astonish a mind more courageous than mine."

After some exhortations, which the silence which prevailed among the spectators gave everyone the opportunity of hearing, they sang a psalm or hymn. The executioner then pulled a cap over their heads, which concealed their faces entirely from the view of the spectators. In this situation the Ordinary continued some time addressing them, and at length descended slowly from the stage to rejoin the sheriffs seated below. At that instant the platform, on which the criminals stood, dropped like a piece of theatrical machinery, and left them suspended from the beam to which the ropes were fixed. Their death was consequently as sudden as possible; besides which the friends of the malefactors are commonly near, and if any sign of agony is observed, they pull them by the legs to terminate their misery the more certainly and speedily. Shocked as I was with this awful spectacle, I was not less so when I observed a number of men and women carried to the scaffold to be stroked by the hands, still quivering in the agony of death, of the suspended criminals, under the notion that such an application will be of efficacy in working a cure for several complaints; among the rest I remarked a young woman, with an appearance of beauty, all pale and trembling, in the arms of the executioner, who submitted to have her bosom uncovered, in the presence of thousands of spectators, and the dead man's hand placed upon it. Cruel, incomprehensible superstition, thus to outrage the good sense, the decency, and decorum of an enlightened people!"

E. S. B.—It is old, but we give it without the reply, as some of our readers to whom it is not known may like to exercise their ingenuity upon it:—What is that which a rich man wants, which a poor man has, which a miser spends freely, and a spendthrift hoards?

.....After the downfall of Napoleon, the allies insisted upon all those works of art which had been carried off as spoils of war from Italy, the Netherlands, Prussia, &c., being restored. Canova, the sculptor, was sent to Paris on behalf of the Pope to identify the paintings and sculptured works of which Rome had been plundered. The Duke of Wellington described this restitution as "A Great Moral Lesson" for the Parisians. An eye-witness (Emma Sophia, Countess Brownlow) says, "It was a curious sight to see the workmen in the Louvre, busily employed in taking the pictures down and putting them in packing cases, and a number of the English Guards placed at short intervals the whole length of the gallery, to see they were not damaged, either from carelessness or spite."

PRINTER'S DEVIL.—It is traditionally said that when Fust, Gutenberg's partner, went to Paris he sold as written manuscripts the sheets he secretly printed, thus commanding for them the higher price. The purchasers, ignorant of his art, becoming puzzled at the extraordinary rapidity with which he produced them, attributed it to necromancy, and the belief spreading, he was formally accused of dealing with the devil, his apartments were searched, and copies of the Bible were found. The Catholic priests pronounced them the devil's doings, and the red initial letters were described as written in blood, which was of course that of Fust, or Faust. The consequence of this prosecution is said to have been the revelation of the art, and the release and encouragement of the poor printer. There is nothing very improbable in the story itself.

THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1879.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

WHATEVER ups and downs in public estimation and importance professional rowing may experience, its amateur sister at least still retains a firm hold upon the affections of our countrymen, no less than those of the mothers, wives, and daughters of England, who, on this April Saturday, sport the colours of the rival Universities with feelings of real interest in the issue of the struggle. Sooth to say we are getting a little "mixed" in our ideas regarding champions of the Thames, the Tyne, and the universe, and it is refreshing to turn from the everlasting conflict of claims to the above titles to the features of a contest which we know is fought out but once a year, and invariably without the bickerings and disputes which have arisen in connection with races rowed for money as the primary consideration. For one man who can indicate the names of "champions" and their doings, there are twenty to whom those of the representatives of Oxford and Cambridge are as household words; while nearly every Englishman can boast of more than merely casual interests in one of the two crews to meet in friendly rivalry in a few short hours. To those desirous, indeed, of carrying out the Pickwickian policy of "shouting with the largest crowd," it must be a matter of difficulty to decide which side really boasts the largest following, so equally are the partisans of each University divided, and with such pluck and sincerity do they stick to the colours they have elected to wear. It is useless to prate of "moral certainties" to those who are influenced in their choice by considerations of chivalrous adherence to their side instead of by the state of the odds; and hence it is that even wagering on the issue of the race assumes a more healthy and genuine aspect than ordinary speculation; seeing that it is mostly dictated by generous partisanship, apart from a desire to support the favourites, or to invest solely with the view of money-making. Thus the sting is, as it were, taken out of the practice, which will eternally prevail among Englishmen, of backing their opinions; and hence it is that people imbued with a holy horror of betting upon horse races are found willing to plunge wildly upon the chances of Dark or Light Blue in the event which, like the grottoes, comes but once a year. That the University race should furnish a medium for speculation in professional betting resorts is only to be expected, but we take it the prestige of the race of the aquatic year suffers but little from contact with the bookmaking hordes, whose power extends not to the slightest symptom of control over the crews, without which the game of "rigging the market" were scarcely worth the candle. So that the "unco guid" need not vex their bosoms by reflections on the connection between market movements and the principal actors in the piece, and may cease from troubling at the thoughts of the University Boat-race being assimilated to a match A. F., or over the Rowley Mile at Newmarket.

Year by year, however, does it become apparent that the attentions of a Putney crowd are becoming less and less welcome to the crews, and Cambridge have only followed the example of Oxford on the present occasion by a preliminary sojourn on the higher waters of the Thames. And, in process of time, we should not be surprised at witnessing a return to the manners and customs of the good old days, when a few days' practice over the course was all that was deemed necessary by either crew; whereas of late years it has been the custom for the rival eights to hoist their flags at Putney for a period of three weeks before the all-important day, instead of for as many days in the era of heavier boats and longer courses. Kingston appears to be only a shade more convenient than Putney in point of avoiding public intrusion by land and water, but the Oxonians have wisely contented themselves by making but one change from Alma Mater to the tidal course, and we doubt if the "half-way house" at Maidenhead was of any real advantage to them last year, though the results of their course of training generally proved so eminently satisfactory when they were called upon to measure blades with their opponents.

Apart from the University Boat-race partaking of the character of a duel, and consequently provoking a deeper interest, the equality of the contest (both as regards the resources of each seat of learning and the results of their antagonism) is an important factor in the public enthusiasm displayed on each occasion of their meeting. If Cambridge has a slight pull in the numbers from which to select her champions, Oxford has a most decided counteracting advantage in water for practice; and the result of this equal balancing of fortune's favours has naturally been that the rivals are as nearly as possible on a par with regards to victories achieved on the lower waters of the Thames, and may be said to have fairly divided the honours of proclaiming themselves its champions. When the now annual contest was first instituted Light Blue took a very commanding and decided lead in point of successes scored against its adversary; but Dark Blue speedily retrieved with interest its lost laurels, and made things equal between the sons of Isis and of Cam. Then came a tantalising series of alternate victories, until at last the spell was broken, and Oxford entered upon her marvellous chain of successive triumphs, and for nine years her star was in the ascendant. A long string of defeats inflicted on Oxford by her sister seat of learning brought Cambridge well nigh up to her adversary, but of late fortune has rather smiled on the darker shade of colour, and once more the sum of total of its victories overlaps (to use a familiar aquatic term) the list of battles won by the other side. Therefore interest in the race is likely to be intensified instead of weakened as time rolls on, and the feeling evoked by its impending decision on each occasion may be described without fear of contradiction as eminently healthy and worthy of encouragement, and as savouring of the truly sporting instinct as opposed to the spirit of gambling, which sheds its baneful influence over all sports and recreations alike.

One untoward feature in connection with the annual trial of aquatic skill between Oxford and Cambridge we have to notice, and that is the intrusion of outsiders, not in the vicinity of the crews' quarters and boathouses, but upon the more delicate ground of qualifications to row by members of both Universities. Such questions, if any such should arise, may very well be left for amicable settlement by those most concerned in their solution; whereas it now seems to be the fashion for certain "d-d good-natured friends" of both crews to excite party feelings and jealousies, to rake up old stories and grievances, and generally to interfere in matters which naturally concern the chief actors in the piece more than the outside public. Indignant partisans rush wildly into print, falling foul of the opposition, and deluding themselves into the belief that their signatures of an "Oxford" or "Cambridge man" are taken to mean that those who usurp such titles are University men, instead of scouts out-at-elbows, hangers-on, and such-like casuals. Such inflammatory effusions, written apparently with the object of disturbing the good feeling and harmony happily subsisting between the rivals of a day, are "beneath the notice of those who might well pray to be saved from such friends," and we regret that some have been induced to answer their contemptible assailants.

As regards the result of the race, our contemporaries seem still to be halting between two opinions, and there can be little doubt of the great improvement made by the Oxonians since Marriott re-assumed his old place at stroke-oar; while if there is anything in accurate timing over various portions of the course, Cambridge would seem to be the faster crew. On whichever side fortune may smile, there is every satisfaction in the conviction that the fight will be fought out with the same pluck, the same endurance, and, above all, with the same chivalrous sense of honour which have ever prevailed in previous trials of skill between the Dark and Light Blues.

THE NEW COLOURS.

Mix colours, by Jove! and a note, too, from Mabel,
And all her own work, I'll be bound, but let's see,—
Just so, "I have made them as well as I'm able,
So please do not quiz them, but wear them for me,
And mind you must win, I have set my heart on it,
And backed you in gloves to an awful extent,
Besides that, I've purchased a love of a bonnet,
Made up of your colours to grace the event.

"We lunch on the drag when we get there, so, Freddy,
Be sure and look out, there'll be room, dear, for you;
I must have a word ere you go to get ready—
You said, I believe, that the race was at two.
I hope that my namesake, Queen Mab's, in 'rare fettle,'
And trained to a day that her win may be sure;
I fancy the others she'll easily settle,
Except perhaps Captain Moore's roan, Simon Pure.

"You see I'm well up in the slang of the stable;
You taught me, remember; the blame rests with you.
With best love and kisses, your own little Mabel—
P.S.—You must win, dear, whatever you do."
Yes, darling, we'll try, for the colours you send me
Should only be seen in the front of the van;
Since you wish me luck, it is sure to attend me—
No doubt about one thing, we'll win if we can.

* * * * *
They're off! There they go! a gay silken-clad cluster,
Queen Mab's pulling double! They're over the jump!
And Simon Pure's making the pace a rare duster!
Pink's down! No she isn't! They're hid by yon clump!
They're here in the straight! straining sinew and muscle,
Queen Mab! Simon Pure! he has caught her—almost,
Queen Mab! Simon Pure! It's a neck and neck tussle,
But Mabel's new colours flash first past the post.

SOMERVILLE GIBNET.

SOZODONT.—The peerless liquid Dentifrice; its use imparts the most fragrant breath; it beautifies, cleanses, and preserves the teeth in a surprising manner. It gives a delightfully fresh taste and feeling to the mouth, removing all Tartar and Scum from the Teeth, completely arresting the progress of decay, and whitening such parts as have already become black by decay or neglect. Impure breath caused by Bad Teeth, Tobacco, Spirits, or catarrh is neutralised by Sozodont. The price of the Fragrant Sozodont is 3s. 6d., put up in large bottles, fitted with patent sprinklers for applying the liquid to the tooth-brush. Each bottle is enclosed in a handsome toilet box. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, and by JOHN M. RICHARDS, Great Russell-street, London. Observe the Name Sozodont on the box, label, and bottle.—ADVT.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

A DRAMATIC STORY

Adapted expressly for this paper.

By HOWARD PAUL.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PAUL folded Gabrielle to his heart and asked her to give him an account of the past two years. She did so, and when she related the incidents in which Sir Peabody was concerned, De Najac interrupted her with,—

"That villain shall answer for this with his life!"

"Wretches like him do not die by the sword of honest men," said Grassot.

Gabrielle resumed her narrative and expressed her amazement when she took possession of her humble lodgings in the Rue Nique.

"And to think that I had entrusted Noriac with a small fortune to be dedicated to you, dearest."

"Amazing confidence!" interjected the old dealer.

"I long ago learned my great error," said Paul.

When Gabrielle described the cruel treatment she received at the hands of Madame Fanta, De Najac exclaimed,—

"Did I understand you to say that the name of the *concierge* was Fanta?"

"Yes, why?"

"Because Eugène Noriac's real name is Jean Fanta."

"What!" cried Papa Grassot, starting up, "you know that?"

"Yes; and I know that Eugène Noriac, who has been received in the most aristocratic salons, has been a galley-slave, condemned for forgery."

"How did you discover that?" asked Grassot.

"Through the man whom Eugène hired to murder me."

"What has become of the man?"

"He was arrested and confessed all; and he is now on his way to France to be tried. For aught I know, Noriac may be arrested too. Papers relating to him were sent from Saigon a fortnight before I sailed. I am the bearer of a document to the Chief of Police."

After much explanation on both sides, Papa Grassot thoughtfully remarked,—

"I somehow fancy Zita Denman had nothing to do with these attempts at assassination. Was it, I wonder, an independent scheme of Noriac's?"

"It is possible, but why?"

"To secure the money which you had so imprudently entrusted to him," suggested Gabrielle.

"Noriac could have possessed himself of your property without this crime. I think I discern in the whole affair an awkward haste which betrays intense hatred, or—perhaps"—and Papa Grassot glanced pointedly at Paul, and added, "The Countess was in love with you."

"Zita Denman in love with me?" he stammered; "what an idea!"

"Why not?" asked Gabrielle, looking fixedly at Paul.

"She boasted to my face that she loved you." She paused a moment and then added, with an effort, "Finally, M. Peabody assured me that you were Zita's lover, and that the marriage with my father took place only in consequence of a quarrel between you."

"But you did not believe these calumnies?" cried Paul, indignantly. "The Countess has written me letters indeed, but what of that?"

"May I see them?" asked Papa Grassot, with an air of hesitation.

"Decidedly!" said Paul, and he produced a packet of crumpled papers which he placed in the old dealer's hand.

The letters emitted a peculiar perfume, which did not escape Papa Grassot's observation. He opened the packet, and, as he read muttered,—

"This is wonderful! She did not even disguise her handwriting. She ruins herself! Why, she signs her name!"

He had seen enough. He folded up the letters, saying to De Najac,—

"I fear you are not conscious of the position in which you stand. You feel now, no doubt, as if all trouble was at an end. I must deceive you. You are both precisely where you were the day before M. de Najac left France. You cannot marry without Count St. Roch's consent. Will he give it? The Countess will never permit him. If you sin against social laws, you risk all future happiness."

Paul and Gabrielle were recalled from the sweetest of dreams to cold reality.

"Now," pursued Grassot, "for another year, Mdlle. Gabrielle is under paternal control, and therefore at the mercy of a revengeful step-mother, who looks upon her as a successful rival."

"Yet I have not shown you the supreme danger," he continued solemnly; "Count St. Roch was a millionaire; to-day, relatively, he is a beggar. You left him inhabiting a palace—to-day he resides in a *maison meublée*. The time is drawing near when Zita will get rid of him as she got rid of others. The company with which he is associated has gone to pieces, and he will perhaps be accused of fraudulent bankruptcy. Is he the man to survive such disgrace?"

"It is a crime for us to wait. Something should be done at once. Could we not see an advocate?" suggested Gabrielle, bursting into tears.

"And what could we tell the advocate? That Zita Denman has made an old man fall madly in love with her? That is no crime. That the Count has launched forth in speculations? She opposed it. That he understood nothing of business? She could not help that. That he has been ruined in two years? Apparently she is as much ruined as he. That, in order to delay the catastrophe, he has resorted to illegal means? She regrets it. Zita, who could clear herself after Masson's disappearance, will easily establish her innocence."

"What can be done then?" asked Paul and Gabrielle dismayed.

"We must wait till we have sufficient evidence to crush at once blow, Zita, Sir Peabody, and Mrs. Thorpe. Now, listen!"

"To begin with," the old man said, "the Countess Zita is not an American. Up to her sixteenth year she was known by the name of Céline Montrouge, and she was born in the environs of Paris. Her mother was a woman of evil reputation, who allowed her child to grow up amid vicious associations. At twelve years old she was as thin as a lath, with sharp red elbows, but had beautiful hair, teeth like pearls, and large impudent eyes. She was the very pink of a Parisian *gamin*, a thousand times more wicked and dangerous than the low boys with whom she associated. The only persons she feared were the police. One day her mother took it into her head to apprentice her precious daughter to a dressmaker, but the restraint of this employment did not suit her vagabond disposition. At the end of a month she ran away, stealing her mistress's best silk robe and a hundred francs. As long as this money lasted she enjoyed herself with boon companions about Paris. When it was spent she returned to her home, but her

mother had moved away and could not be found. Most girls would have been affected by this incident, not so Céline. Within three hours of learning the state of affairs she engaged herself as waitress at a cheap restaurant in a low street. She stayed here but a short time, and I find she was next engaged in a menial capacity by a vegetable seller in the Halles. Sent away from here, she became a servant at a café and estaminet. This appears not to have suited her restless disposition, and she at last concluded to lead an idle life and trust to the chances of good fortune and whatever might turn up. She was going from bad to worse, when a man appeared who was fated to change the restless *gamin* into the accomplished monster whom you know."

Here M. Grassot suddenly paused, and looking at Paul, said,—

"You must not think, monsieur, that these details are imaginary. I have spent five years of my life in diligently tracing out Zita's early life, and I have witnesses to prove all I told you."

Paul opened his eyes in wonderment, and the old dealer proceeded,—

"The man who picked up Zita was an eccentric old German, a painter and musician of great talent. One winter morning, at work in his studies, he was struck by a woman's voice, which recited in the courtyard below a popular song. He went to the window and beckoned the singer to come up. It was Zita, and she came. The good German used often to speak of the compassion he felt for this tall girl of fourteen, shivering in a thin cotton dress. But he was at the same time dazzled by the rich promise of beauty in her face and the pure notes of her superb voice. He guessed what was in her; he saw her, in his mind's eye, such as she would be at twenty. When she had told him her story, and he found that she was an outcast and alone, he said—

"If you like I will adopt you, and make you an artist."

"The studio was warm, and it was bitterly cold outside. Zita had no home and had eaten nothing for hours. She accepted. How the old German went to work to keep this untameable creature at home, how he made her submit to his lessons, no one will ever be able to tell. A friend of the old man's thought the artist had succeeded in arousing in her a boundless ambition and the most passionate covetousness."

"Follow my counsels," he used to say to her, "and at twenty you will be a queen—a queen of beauty, of wit, and of genius. Study, and the day will come when you will travel through Europe, a renowned artist, welcomed in every capital, and fêted everywhere. Work, and boundless wealth will come with fame, surpassing all your dreams. Only work and study!"

"She did work, and studied with a perseverance which showed her faith in the promises of her old master, and of the influence he had obtained over her through her vanity. She listened with eager curiosity to all the old artist had to tell her of the splendour of courts, the beauty of women, and the intrigues which he had seen going around him."

"Thus it came about that, two years later, no one would have recognised the lean, wretched-looking vagabond in this fresh, rosy, bright-eyed girl, whom they called in the house 'the pretty artist on the fifth floor.'"

"Yet the change was only on the surface. Zita was already too thoroughly corrupted when the old German adopted her. He thought he had infused his own rough honesty into her veins: he had only taught her a new vice—hypocrisy."

"At that time, however, she did not yet possess that marvellous self-control which is one of her great acquirements, and at the end of two years she wearied of this peaceful atmosphere: she pined for a life of adventure."

"As she was already a very fair musician, she urged her old teacher to procure her an engagement at one of the theatres. He peremptorily refused. He wanted to secure to his pupil a *début* at the Grand Opera, and he told her that she should not appear in public till she had reached the full perfection of her voice and talent—certainly not before her nineteenth year."

"This meant she should wait three or four years longer—a century!"

"In former days Zita would have run away; but education had quite changed her ideas. She asked herself where she should go, alone, without money or friends. She knew what destitution meant, and she feared it now. She desired liberty, but she did not want it without money. So she remained, and studied hard. Perhaps, in spite of her execrable instincts, Zita might have become a great artist if the old German had not met with a fatal accident. He died intestate. His relatives at once dismissed Zita, and soon discovered that he had left but very little. Knowing how simply he had lived, they expected to find among his effects considerable ready cash. A bond for ten thousand francs and a few gold pieces was all that could be found. I procured leave to examine his pass-book at the savings-bank where he kept an account, and I discovered that five days before his death a certain Céline Montrouge had deposited fifteen hundred francs. That was suspicious to say the least of it. For the next three months I could find no trace of her. I heard she had applied to the director of the Folies Dramatiques for an engagement as a vocalist, but nothing came of the suggestion. It was not long before fate threw in her way Eugène Noriac. I'll give you a rapid outline of this gentleman's career."

"It was three years before this that Jean Fanta, released from the galleys, had adopted the name of Eugène Noriac, and with incredible assurance, set up to be a gentleman. He had originally filled the position of managing clerk to a banker whose confidence, by the most consummate hypocrisy, he had contrived to win. He was trusted with all the valuables of the bank, but after a short time a forgery was discovered, and all the details of a most ingenious plan by which the bank was to be plundered of a million of francs. Fanta was tried, convicted, and sentenced to twenty years penal servitude."

"At the galleys he played the part of the repentant criminal, overflowing with professions of regret for the past, and promises of amendment for the future. He carried on this comedy so successfully that after three years and a half he was pardoned. But he had not lost his time in prison."

"The contact with criminal life had completed his education in rascality. Even while he still dragged the chain and ball he was maturing new plots which he afterwards executed with success. He conceived the idea of bursting forth in a new shape, and as soon as he was free he devoted all his ingenuity to the destruction of every trace of his identity and assumed the name of Eugène Noriac."

"After many adventures, that I will not trouble you with, he met Zita Denman at a ball; he was struck by her beauty and she was impressed by his manners."

"Perhaps they felt an instinctive attraction, and divined each other's characters. At all events, they danced together; he sat by her side at supper; they chatted freely; and when the ball was at an end the pair were fast friends."

"In those early days they had no secrets from each other; now they hate, but also fear, each other. Ten times they have tried to break off their connection, and as often they have renewed it—bound, as they feel they are to each other, by a chain far more oppressive than the one Jean Fanta wore at the galleys."

"M. Eugène Noriac had come to the end of his funds; but he persuaded Zita that he had invented a "system" by which he

could break the bank at Hombourg, and so they went to that famous resort. There they led a mad life: spending ten hours a day at the gaming-table, fighting the bank with incredible coolness, and one evening the pair returned to their lodgings absolutely penniless."

"Noriac threatened to blow his brains out; but Zita was in excellent spirits."

"Next morning she dressed early and went out, saying she would soon be back. But she did not return, and at five o'clock a messenger appeared with a letter. Devoured with anxiety, Eugène opened it; it contained three thousand francs, and these words,—

"When you receive these lines I shall be far from Hombourg. Enclosed is enough to enable you to return to Paris. You shall see me again when our fortune is made."

ZITA."

"Eugène was astounded. To be thus unceremoniously deserted by Zita! He was enraged beyond measure. He remembered having seen Zita two or three times, since fortune had forsaken them, conversing with a tall, thin gentleman, who frequented the rooms. No doubt she had fallen an easy prey to this man, who looked as if he might be a millionaire."

"Where did he stay? At the hotel of the Three Kings. Eugène went there, but the gentleman had left that morning for Frankfurt, by the 10.45 train, with an elderly lady and a remarkably pretty girl."

"Sure of his game now, M. Noriac left immediately for Frankfurt, convinced that Zita's brilliant beauty would guide him like a star. But he hunted in vain, and found no trace of the fugitives."

"So he returned to Paris, resumed his miserable life, and succeeded in maintaining his existence and his assumed name. But it is certain that Eugène Noriac found times hard in those days, and regretted that he had not remained a stupid, honest man."

"Often and often he recalled Zita's parting words."

"You shall see me again when our fortune is made." What could have become of her?

"Zita had gone to America."

"That tall gentleman, that eminently respectable lady who had carried her off, were Sir Peabody and Mrs. Thorpe. Who were these people? I have had no time to trace out their antecedents, but I know that they belonged to that class of adventurers who infest watering places and gambling resorts,—Nice, Monaco, and during the winter, Italy; swindlers who unite consummate skill with excessive caution."

"Sir Peabody and Mrs. Thorpe were both English, and, so far, they had managed to live very pleasantly. But old age was approaching, and they began to be fearful about the future, when they fell in with Zita. They divined her, as she had divined Eugène; and they saw in her the means to secure a fortune. They did not hesitate, therefore, to offer her a compact, by which she was to be a full partner, although they themselves had to risk all they possessed, a capital of some hundred thousand francs. They knew very well that her matchless beauty would catch fools innumerable, and reap a rich harvest."

"M. Peabody and Mrs. Thorpe had agreed that they would exploit Zita in Paris; that she was to marry a rich nobleman; and that they should be paid for their trouble by receiving an annual allowance of some fifty thousand francs. But, in order to undertake the adventure with good chances of success, it was necessary that Zita should lose her nationality as a Frenchwoman; that she should rise anew as an unknown star; and that she should be trained for the profession she was to practise."

"Hence the trip to America, and her long residence there. Chance assisted the adventurers. They had hardly landed when they found that they could easily introduce the girl as a daughter of General Denman. In this way Céline Montrouge appeared in society at New York as Zita Denman. M. Peabody also purchased, in spite of his limited means, land in the western part of the State of Pennsylvania, where there was no trace of oil wells, but where there might be a good many, and entered it in the name of his ward. Of all these measures I have evidence, which I can produce at any moment." Paul and Gabrielle looked at each other with amazement. They were astounded by the prodigious sagacity and labour which the old dealer must have employed to collect this vast mass of information. But he continued after a brief pause,—

"Sir Peabody and Mrs. Thorpe soon discovered how wise they had been in taking up Zita. In less than a year this wonderful girl spoke English as well as they did, and at the end of eighteen months' residence in America, M. Peabody declared that the moment had come when Zita might make her *début* in Paris."

"It was therefore two years and four months after their parting at Hombourg that M. Noriac received the following note:—

"Come to-night at nine o'clock to M. Peter Peabody's house in the Rue Cirque, and expect a surprise."

"He went. A tall man opened the door of the *salon*, and at the sight of a young lady sitting by the fire, Eugène exclaimed, 'Céline, is it you?'

"But she interrupted him, saying, 'You are mistaken; Céline Montrouge is dead, and buried by the side of Jean Fanta, my dear M. Noriac. Come, don't look so amazed, but kiss Miss Zita Denman's hand.'

"It was heaven opening for Eugène. She had at last come back to him—this woman who had illumined his life for one brief flash, and whose memory he had retained in his heart, like a dagger in the wound it had made. She had returned more beautiful than ever, and he fancied it was love that had brought her back."

"His vanity led him astray. Zita Denman had long ceased to admire him, and had soon learned to appreciate him at his true value. Nevertheless, she wanted Eugène Noriac though she despised him. On the point of commencing a dangerous game, she required an accomplice in whom she could confide. Sir Peabody and Mrs. Thorpe held her, and she had no hold on them, but Eugène was entirely in her power."

"M. Noriac appeared cast down when he heard that the fortune was still to be made, and that Zita was no farther advanced now than on the day of her flight. Even less so; for the two years which had elapsed had made sad inroads upon the savings of M. Peabody and Mrs. Thorpe, and when they had established themselves in Paris they had barely ten thousand francs left."

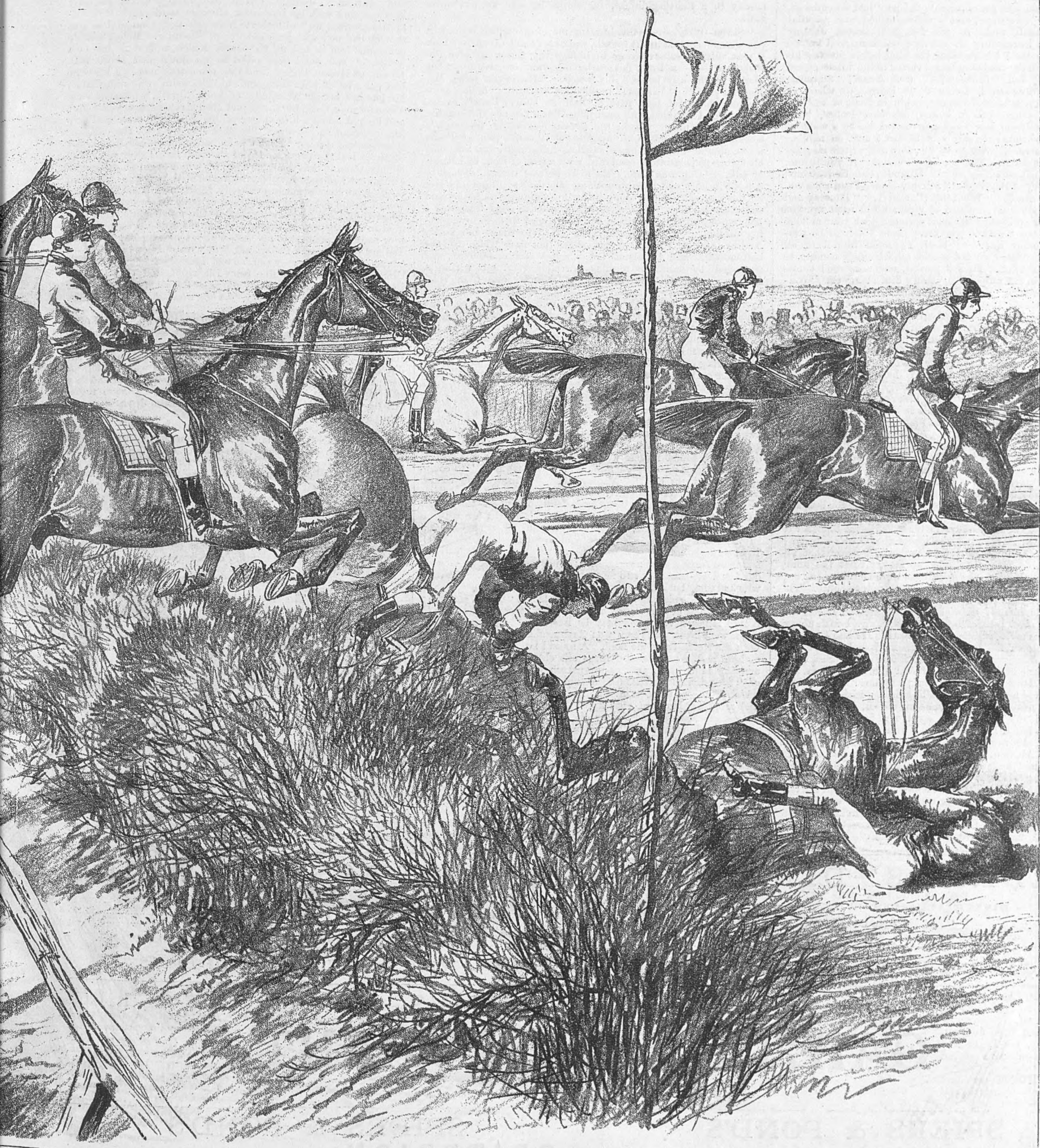
"They knew, therefore, that they must succeed or sink in the coming year. They were determined to pluck the first victim that fell in their way, and chance brought to them the unlucky cashier of the Mutual Discount Society, Masson."

(To be continued. Commenced in No. 258, Jan. 4th, 1879.)

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SPORTING SKETCHES.

A DIVINE—A DEFEAT—AND A DINNER.

"Two by honours and the odd trick—ring the bell like a good fellow, will you?" were the first words I heard on entering the card-room of the Mayfair Club at about eleven p.m. one fine night on the 14th of December, in the year of grace 187—. The speaker was a sporting young plunger of my acquaintance, who had, for "one night only," foregone the pleasures of the last burlesque, in order to gratify the longings of three friends to win as much of his money as they could, in the limited time allowed them by the rules of the club. But to judge from the faces of his "pals," and the exultant tones of my young friend, the game seemed to be going on the principles of the inverse ratio. Having complied with his modest request, and listened to his order of "a glass of curaçoa and seltzer, and a cigar," I looked round to see who else there was in the room that I knew. On the right by the door was a most ill-assorted rubber; to wit, one general officer of H.M. Bengal Civil Service, corpulent, choleric, and curried, divided in opinion as to whether his partner ought to have played his knave before the ten, or whether "the service, sir, is going to the devil;" "Waiter, will you shut that infernal door?" issuing from his lips every two minutes. His partner was, of all mortals, my esteemed friend, Jim Weston, and for opponents the pair had an eminent, though budding statesman, and a distinguished and popular writer. At a small table on the left was seated Johnny Liston, who was instructing an elderly gentleman well known "on 'Change," in the art of marking the king before playing his card; the said elderly one being better versed in the intricacies of "carrying over" and "cantangoes" than écarté. Standing behind him was Monsieur le Baron de la Bourse, to whom, of course, the game was second nature; while in front of the fire was lounging (I cannot call it seated) his bear leader, "the Colonel." Directly he saw me he motioned me by a wave of his huge cigar to come over and talk to him; and, on making my way there, he said, "See here, sir; I've got a little meeting at my fixins next week. The lot are coming; if you'll jine, we'll make Emancipation Day of it. Hounds come thereabouts, and if that boss-eyed Baron don't kill my horse, I can give you a swing over—I can." "What day?" said I. "Tuesday and Wednesday," replied he; "then, if you ain't chawed up, you can git away and run your Christmas through with your maiden aunt, or what other relation you fancy most likely to be profitable in the dollar line." "Well, I should like it of all things," I said; "but I've got an old school chum coming to stay with me that week. He's a parson, who is as good across country as he is in the pulpit." "Bring him along tew," continued the Colonel. "I've some white-eye whisky that will suit him right away. Reckon after he's done about tew smiles, he won't know whether he's fixin' up the Marriage Service or on the line of an old dorg-fox. You ain't many leagues off my hotel, and dinner on Wednesday will be prime, yew bet." Such an invitation was not to be refused, so I booked it—Wednesday evening, seven sharp, for self and friend. By this time the elderly gentleman had had about enough of écarté, and getting up was immediately button-holed by the Baron, who tried to explain to him in broken English that "Ven you harve ze mauvais cartes in ze middle orf ze game, il ne faut pas-proposer, parceque, if ze adversaire no harve goot hand, he no grand chose—alors—you propose—he get ze goot hand et voilà tout est perdu." The explanation certainly did not make matters more clear to the financier, but it released Johnny, who joined the Colonel and myself, and I found he was to be one of the party on Wednesday, besides Charlie Manson, his wife, and many other of our mutual acquaintances. After a quarter of an hour's lively chat, I voted it was time for bed, and a general move was made; the Colonel and his charge going off in a hansom, while Johnny and myself walked home together to our lodgings. On arriving at the top of St. James's-street we saw a hansom horse down, with the usual small crowd that invariably collects on those occasions, no matter what the hour, surrounding it; while on the pavement were standing our two friends who had started ten minutes before from the club. The Colonel was taking matters most philosophically, and "waiting till the cuss sets himself on end again;" but the Baron was pouring out the most piteous lamentations mingled with abuse. However, he was more frightened than hurt. He had been shot out, and, landing on his hands and knees, ripped his trousers clean across, besides cutting his hand rather deep. Seeing us arrive on the scene of action, he described the accident as follows:—"Mon Dieu! regardez mes pantalons! cet imbécile cocher, he com ver fast, and ze 'orse he tomble: mais no sooner he fall zan I fly oware ze side, comme un oiseau, and I make ze détérioration in my clozes, also spoil my hands." (To the cabby: "Ah, diable! sacré cochon! you no drive prepare—damn. Vat I do now, mon Colonel? Vill you box ze sans-culottes? Ah non, zat is not right; c'est moi, je suis sans-culottes," and he laughed feebly at his own joke. We left them to put things straight and went our way. Next morning I was off betimes to Ploughshire, Johnny going down for two days' shooting with a Manchester cotton prince, of which more anon. Monday I met at the station my old schoolfellow, Arthur Morgan, now the rector of Girdle-on-Cope, in Dorsetshire. Time had treated him leniently, for he was looking scarcely a day

older than when I last saw him, "taking leg-shooters" in the "Varsity" match, some five years before. After we had exchanged greetings, and hoisted his traps into the dog-cart, he asked me, "Whether there were many bishops about this part of the country," and on my replying, "Not one that I know of under sixteen miles," he said, "Well, I'm glad of that, for I've brought my sporting kit, as you told me you had a creak that I could go to the meet on. But the bishops have been so down on me for hunting lately that it is not altogether safe to run up against one; although I have got a certificate from my doctor ordering me horse exercise, which I produce when questioned; still they are beginning to see through it, I'm afraid." "You jolly old humbug! as if you cared for forty thousand bishops when hounds are running!" I said. "I've heard of your exploits in Dorset, cutting everyone down on Saturday, and preaching on Christian forbearance on Sunday." At this juncture we drove up to my crib, and I went in to see if lunch was ready; the Rev. M— slipping off to the stables, where I found him establishing himself as the sworn ally of my groom, and looking over the nags. I showed him the one he was going to ride on the morrow, with which he was pleased to be content, expressing a hope, however, "that it did not want much riding, and understood the Ploughshire country." We did not make a late night of it, notwithstanding the temptation to sit and chat over old times whilst smoking our after-dinner weeds, for it was a case of an early start in the morning to Brakespur Gorse, the meet being an outlying one, 13 miles distant. I told my friend Arthur that he was booked on the Wednesday to a hunting dinner, for which he said he was quite game.

"Seven-thirty, sir—a fine hunting morning—which boots will you wear?" said all in one breath, woke me from a dream in which I was vainly endeavouring to induce the Baron to give the Bishop of — a lead; Arthur having climbed a tree to see the sport. "Oh—any boots," I yawned. "Have you called Mr. Morgan yet?" "Yes, sir," replied my servant; "he has been up and about for best part of half an hour. Bath's ready, sir." Out I tumbled, and soon joined his reverence downstairs. 8.45 saw us under weigh, the parson looking as thorough a workman as one could well imagine; dark cords, pair of Peel's boots, double-breasted black swallow-tailed coat, and tall hat, all fitting to perfection, combined with a seat of iron, and hands of silk. "Captious Kate," the mare he was riding, seemed to delight in him, and though with me she used to fidget and fret all the way, she walked along under his guidance as happy and sedate as possible. We arrived at the meet in good time, and I pointed out all the celebrities, and introduced them to my sporting divine. On the signal being given to draw the gorse, Arthur and I slipped down with the first whip, to the bottom end, and in about ten minutes our manœuvre was rewarded by seeing a regular traveller steal off within a few yards of us. Silence for a minute, and then such a holloa from Arthur as fairly electrified Joe, the first whip, and set both my ears tingling. Out tumbled the whole pack, followed by Nott the huntsman, who got his hounds on to the line in a moment, and away we were like smoke; a regular stampede of the less fortunate ones following in our wake. The first fence was a rasper, a ditch on both the take-off and landing sides with a very awkward-looking rail run through the fence on the top of the bank. Arthur and Nott swung over it as if it was child's play. I just escaped a cropper by the skin of my teeth; but the first whip turned a regular turtle, an example followed by a good many of the field, judging from the loose horses that were careering about. However, "For'ard away!" was the order, and there was no time to be lost; hounds were racing with a burning scent, and it was not every day that I found myself with such a start. A short check a couple of fields on enabled some of the "rearguard" to come up; among them Charlie Manson, who, not recognising either Arthur Morgan or my mare, was in a furious state of excitement and indignation at being bested by a stranger—Carpenter has it—and at it we were again ding-dong, straight for Milston big wood four miles off, Arthur leading the lot, with Charlie, as jealous as a turkey, vainly endeavouring to catch him. Things, I thought, can't last long at this pace, or it will be bellows-to-mend with a vengeance; and sure enough we viewed our fox dead-beat only two fields ahead of the hounds. Charlie, who had come back to me, got a cropper at the next fence, a stiff drop, and while picking himself up yelled to me, "Go on, old man; for the honour of the county cut down that infernal stranger." How I laughed to myself may be imagined. One more fence down went Nott, and there was Arthur alone with the hounds, with the fox in the same field. A second later they catch sight of him, and then who-oo rings out clear as a bell, we four arriving in a heap, just as my parson is disputing possession of "the remains" with Old Harbinger and Solomon—a difficulty which Nott soon disposes of. Charlie, swallowing his mortification and mopping his face, goes up to the supposed stranger, to my intense amusement, and taking off his hat, says:—"Sir, allow me to compliment you on having beaten us all in the finest forty minutes I ever saw. I have not the ple—why, I'm d—d if it ain't Arthur Morgan. You infernal old humbugging, white-chokered rascal; who ever expected to see you? And here have I been doffing my hat to my old fag. May I be for ever—" "No, Charlie," interrupted Arthur, laughing, "you've informed me of your condemnation already once, and consider how painful to my cloth to hear of your being doubly d—d." "Well, you dear old boy," continued Charlie, "I am glad to see you. Where are you staying?" "With me; and he's going to dine

with the Colonel to-morrow," I put in. "That's first chop," said Charlie; "the Colonel is at home, looking after things, and has sent the Baron up to town to buy what he calls notions." By this time the stragglers had arrived, and the last obsequies having been performed we went on to draw Milston, where Arthur and I left them, as there seemed little chance of getting a fox away, and we had a long journey home. Next day we strolled about the village, that is, we walked about, for strolling in December was somewhat out of place, and at six o'clock sharp we were seated in the dog-cart ready for the Colonel's dinner at seven. On our arrival we were shown into the drawing room, where we found a goodly company assembled, half-and-half as regards gender, and everyone, both the fair and the unfair (what's in a name?) sex, seemed fully prepared to enjoy themselves. The Colonel was in full fig, "claw hammer" coat, white waistcoat, and as fussy as if the Alabama arbitration rested on his shoulders. "Guess, sir," he said to me, "this is my first attempt at what you Britishers call conviviality, and tho' I'm an all fired genius at a whisky bout, I reckon I'm kinder flummuxed at the genteelity of this consarn. I dew want it to go off wall, I dew that bad; and now, as if just for contrary, that darned jiggish French cuss must go and git palarvering at Clapham Junction, and let the cars go on without his precious carcass. Praise the Lord he's off to his own squatting next week, and yew don't catch me sammying round another toad-eater this fall yew bet." Notwithstanding the faults of Monsieur le Baron, the dinner was perfection, and as soon as the ladies had left, the fun became fast and furious. Johnny Liston had excited great curiosity by appearing with his face stuck all over with black sticking-plaster, and all we had hitherto been able to get out of him was that he had met with an accident out shooting. But at last we persuaded him to tell us the story, which is best in his own words. "You see I was asked to go down and shoot with Dyson, of Dyson, Firmin, and Co., the cotton men. I knew he had got a lot of pheasants, and that the drink was undeniable. He has just bought that place of Lord Bigtalk, who went such a howler over Cato for the Grand National last year, you know, and he had asked a large party of his friends to come and help him to shoot the covers. The first day we took the outlying spinneys and slangs. That was bad enough, for his Manchester brethren had the vaguest idea of shooting that I ever saw. The climax, though, was the big woods, for which event an additional contingent had been invited. Such a lot with new gun-cases, and most elaborate costumes, evidently fresh down from Moses and Son. I would sooner go into action, or book for the bottomless pit (beg pardon, Morgan) any day than go through it again. The cove next to me was named Bottle, and his chief desire seemed to be how near he could go to my hat without blowing my head off. We got half through the second beat with only one casualty—a beater shot in the leg—when, as bad luck would have it, a hare came straight down the line from the right, and of course all the whole boiling fired at her—one after the other—most of their shot either cutting about my feet or whistling past my ears. I had a crack at her, notwithstanding, and bowled her over. Unfortunately this so excited Mr. Bottles that he plunged after poor puss, at the same time firing both barrels of his gun into vacancy. Half the charge glanced off a tree and nailed me in the face. This was good enough. So I left them to finish the day alone; and when they came back, just as I was starting for here, my host informed me that in the "bouquet" at the end they had managed to shoot two dogs and a boy. I have registered a vow never to go shooting in the cotton districts again. Pass the claret, Charlie; talking's dry work." Following Johnny's story, we had the toast of the evening, "Fox-hunting, with three times three," and Arthur led off the chorus of "John Peel," which nearly brought the roof down. We finished the evening by proposing the health of "Our Friends across the Channel," coupled with the name of the Baron, who, in returning thanks, was all the more amusing, in that he was just a wee bit jolly. So ended a most festive evening, and on starting homewards the Colonel took me on one side and said, "It all went off grand; your sky pilot (meaning the parson) is real grit. He can ride, he can sing, and he can take his liquor." His good opinion I confided to Arthur on our way home, and we both agreed that the hunting dinner was a great success.

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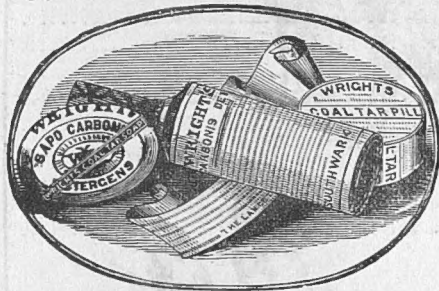
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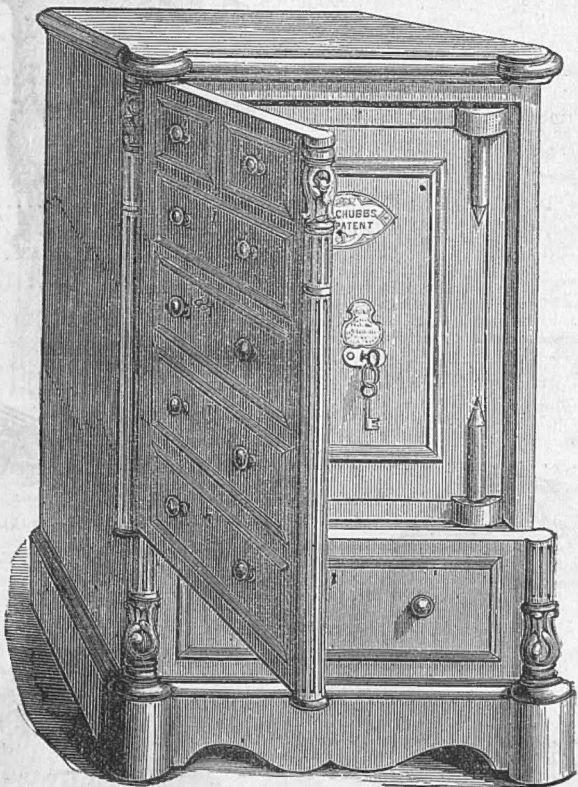
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